

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 287. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1874.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DOWNE," "NO ALTERNATIVE,"  
&c. &c.

### CHAPTER VII. "MAY IS ONE OF US."

THE open drawing-room window of Barnes Cottage shows as quietly pretty a domestic scene as the heart can desire or the eyes behold. A good-looking, grave, kindly-faced man is resting through the hot mid-day hours, and his three little children are playing with boxes of dominoes and letters at his feet. Little tables of fantastic shape, black legged and velvet covered, are dotted about, and these are covered with newspapers and magazines, with flowers and foliage and dainty bits of old china. The influence, the undefinable atmosphere of a refined and beauty-loving woman is over everything. All is grace, ease, cleanliness, and comfort, in the apartment. The children's clothes, though they are of the plainest brown holland, absolutely untrimmed, testify to the good taste of the presiding feminine power in that house. It is the home and these are the husband and children of Mrs. Angerstein.

Presently the shadow of a light figure crosses the window, and the next instant Mr. Angerstein has thrown his book aside, and is advancing to meet his wife.

"What, Cissy! back already? anything amiss?"

She turns a tearful agitated face towards him, and puts a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Let us send the children to nurse, Edward," she begins. Then, as the children cluster around her, after the sweet manner of their kind, demanding, "What's mamma got for me?" "Why didn't mamma take me out in the

carriage?" she loses courage, self-possession, and patience, and repeats, impetuously—

"Do send the children away, Edward, if you don't want to see me go mad. Anything amiss? Judge for yourself! I found Harry lying half dead on the common, and he has gone home in my carriage, and has heard my name."

"Poor darling!" her husband says, soothingly, as she sinks back in a chair, and covers her face with her hands. He says no more than this, but his tone is very comforting, and so is the pressure of his hand on her shoulder. He is not silent because he has no reassuring words at command, but simply because a group of quick-eared, quick-minded children are bringing all their juvenile powers of comprehension to bear upon the matter. His desire to get them out of the room is to the full as great as their mother's. But the time is not ripe for them to go yet, according to the daily domestic arrangements at Barnes Cottage, and it must be a stern command indeed that would induce the young Angersteins to forego one of their established rights—especially such a cherished one as this of being "in mamma's pretty drawing-room."

However, all things come to an end—even the servants' period of dinner—and the husband and wife find themselves alone, before Time has been good enough to calm Mrs. Angerstein's perturbed pulse and fluttering heart. She has fluent command of her voice though, and she tells him rapidly and readily where, and how, she has met Captain Bellairs.

"It was like a voice from the dead when Harry looked up at me with the old kind generous look, and said, 'Cissy, you here! Have you come to see the last of me?'"

"Poor darling!" her husband says once more; "you should have had him brought here: those blows on the head ought to be looked to at once; but it must have been trying to you to speak to him."

"Trying to me to speak to him!" she repeats, in accents of most profound amazement. "What do you think I'm made of? Have you lived with me for seven years and found out so little about my nature as that question implies? I couldn't have spoken to him to save my life."

She almost writhes away from her husband as she tells him this. She bends her head down lower and lower, apparently under the weight of some self-abasing memory. Her tears, he is glad to see, are checked. Tears always make her head ache and do no good; therefore, as a medical man, he objects to them in the highest degree. Her silent passion of grief or remorse, or whatever it may be, is not an actively exhausting condition; therefore he stands by and regards it calmly, kindly, and tolerantly, for he knows he cannot check it.

"I have let myself be too happy here, Edward," she says, after a time, "You see here there has not been a single thing to remind me of a time I had rather forget, not a single association connected with Harry Bellairs; now I shall shrink from the sight of the brougham, and shiver every time I pass the common."

"You're over sensitive, my dear," her husband says, protectingly, and Mrs. Angerstein blesses him in her heart for being so pleasant and prosaic. "I should be very glad if you would let me see Captain Bellairs, and allow me to explain several things to him that would make him think very differently of you; but as you won't allow me to do that, I should advise that you forget this episode as soon as possible. I shall give you tonics and a change of air."

She is a woman who can marvellously soon throw off any mental agony, under the influence of petting and consideration. Her husband has been her husband for seven years now, but he has not ceased to treat her as a precious object. The habit of daily intercourse with her has not taught him to be rougher in his manner, and more irritably and irritatingly exacting in his demands on her courtesy and consideration, than he would dare to be to any other gentlewoman. Altogether Mr. Angerstein may be regarded as a very exceptional man.

"I shall like change of air; and it will do the children so much good too, Edward," she says, eagerly; "not a sea-side place, though, I always get so tired, and burnt, and blistered, and bored; and I have had so much of sea-side places."

"I'll give you six weeks anywhere you like, Cissy; choose your own place."

"I want rest, quiet, fly-fishing, flowers, and very, very few of my fellow-creatures about me," she says, checking off her requirements on the fingers of her left hand. "And I want all these in England. I hate abroad. Oh! I've been so wretched abroad," she says with a shudder.

"Take your Murray and find your sequestered spot after dinner," he advises, "and come out now for a turn in the garden. I shall have to run over to Chiswick in half an hour; while I'm away, if I were in your place I would lie down."

"Supposing I hear that he's dead, or raving, while you're away?" she asks, her eyes dilating with horror at the idea she has conjured up. "I shall dread hearing the sound of the wheels; I know they will carry bad news."

"Don't listen to it till I come home," he says, cheerily; "just give your mind to Murray. I don't care what place you settle on—north, south, east, or west—it's all the same to me." Thus he turns her thoughts away from the subject of Harry Bellairs, and gives her present peace.

She watches her husband drive off to Chiswick by-and-by, with a lingering, long look of affection, that speaks well for her as a wife. "What a good fellow he is," she says, shaking her head to herself in corroboration of her own statement; "if he had any thing captious or mean about him, I shouldn't feel myself to be half as bad as I am; but, as it is——" She checks herself, and wipes away a few tears that have disobediently rolled down her cheeks, and takes her way to the nursery with haste, in order that she may remove the impression of being a weary, nerveless mother—which impression she must have given her quick-witted children on her return home just now.

It is a pleasant, quiet, well-ordered house throughout, from the artistic drawing-room up to the airy nursery, and down to the admirably clean kitchen. All the arrangements go on well-oiled wheels; yet there is no extravagance, no waste, no superfluity. Mrs. Angerstein's normal condition is one of proud love for her home; but to-day she longs

to get out of it, for she seems to herself to be drawing her breath guardedly, and to be in this peaceful Paradise on sufferance. She promises her children the excitement of a change, in a manner that inflames their infant minds with a most ardent desire to "go at once;" and then she goes to her room with a batch of guide-books, and selects her sequestered spot very speedily—Dunster, in Somersetshire.

"You will find May the greatest possible comfort to you under these trying circumstances. Such a thoughtful head on such young shoulders, I am sure, I never met with before," Mrs. Constable says, in her most motherly and confidential tone, on the occasion of her resigning her daughter as a visitor to the Forest family.

"May and I never misunderstand each other," Mrs. Forest says, with a little emphatic squeeze of May's hand; "and, troubled as I am now—harassed with anxiety, and watching, and nursing—I am sure our May will be more tolerant to me than ever."

Mrs. Forest has arranged her sentence carefully beforehand, and she says it glibly enough. But, somehow, it falls short of the mark; it fails to impress the Constables with a belief in its being genuine. "There's something more to come," Mrs. Constable thinks, sagaciously, to herself; "Mrs. Forest is not got up in plain black serge and a little close cap for nothing." As she thinks this, Mrs. Constable glances at the plump form of her May, which is arrayed for the occasion in a rather tight, bright mauve costume, and she half fears that she is about to cast her pearl before swine.

It is the day after the unlucky tandem-drive, and the case of Captain Bellairs is sufficiently bad to justify the signs of being ill at ease, which are very visible in Mrs. Forest. "Such a responsibility, such a terrible burden of anxiety," she plaintively murmurs to Mrs. Constable, who replies—

"Ah! yes, to be sure; but then, you see, you have your daughters and your son to help you through it, and I'm sure May will do her part."

Mrs. Forest bends her eyes down in the proudly humble way which may mean so much or so little. "My children are very good to me; without them I could not combat this, anxious as I am to do all that Christian charity demands that I should do for Captain Bellairs."

She pauses here, and sighs, and then says, in her sweetest manner—

"I lose my niece to-day. Dear Kate! All through last night she was the stay and prop of the house, thinking of everything, doing everything—saving me at every turn—and I lose her to-day. She goes home to-day."

"Miss Mervyn has paid you rather a long visit," Mrs. Constable says, tartly.

Mrs. Forest feels that she is about to be dragged into the thick of the fray.

"Long!" she says, lifting her brows in affectionate wonderment; "I hope it has not seemed 'long' to her, for it has been a mere gleam of brightness, her presence among us. I wish so much that she could have stayed, she would have been such a charming companion for our May."

"Our" May, blushes, bristles, and brings her real sentiments to the fore.

"I can do very well without Miss Mervyn, dear Mrs. Forest; I don't care for charming companions. I shall have you, and the girls, and Frank —"

"Didn't you know that Frank would not be at home, dear child?" Mrs. Forest interrupts, and she feels that now indeed she is in the heart of the battle.

"Frank not at home!" May says, in the tone of one who has bought and paid for Frank, and who will have him, bitter bad bargain as he may prove to be.

"It may be business, my dear," Mrs. Constable says, with an overdone air of deprecation. "I am sure that Frank would never neglect you for anything but urgent business."

Mrs. Constable nods her head as she says this, and in other indescribable ways throws the glove down well in Mrs. Forest's sight. But Mrs. Forest refuses to see it, and determines that nothing shall make her pick it up.

"Poor boy, I didn't know that he had not had an opportunity of explaining the reason why he must leave home just now to our May," she says, quite freshly, for her maternal instinct tells her that her "boy" is within an ace of losing the Constable connection and money.

"He has had opportunities enough," May says.

"At any rate he might have made one," Mrs. Constable adds; "when a man is engaged, he has no right to behave as if he were free as air."

"Oh! mamma, I am sure I don't want to interfere with his freedom," May puts in sharply; "he may go when he likes,

and where he likes, and stay away as long as he likes, as far as I am concerned."

There is unmistakable anger in the girl's accents, and Mrs. Forest cannot help admitting to herself that May has justice on her side. At the same time, she determines to strike a blow for the interests of her son.

"My dear child," she says, in her most grandly maternal manner, "I don't wonder at your feeling a little annoyed, as you know nothing of the circumstances of the case; when you know them, you will be only sorry for us all—for poor Frank more than anyone, for he is the sufferer; he has to leave you."

"I am not told what the circumstances are. How am I to feel sympathy?" May says: indignation, curiosity, and a certain yearning for Frank all struggling to obtain the mastery in her breast.

"It was so sudden, you see," Mrs. Forest begins, in a low, slow voice. The "circumstances" require a great deal of trimming before they can be made presentable for the Constable eyes.

"What was sudden?"

"The knowledge that family business made it imperative on Frank to go and see his uncle at once, came upon us suddenly. Ah! my dear Mrs. Constable, your widowed bark sails in smooth waters—mine is on a very troubled sea; I have only one brother, and he—" Mrs. Forest pauses, for she has not quite made up her mind as to what she shall say about this useful relative of hers.

Mrs. Constable is eager to hear what the extenuating circumstances are, but she is not at all in the mood to be biassed by them, in a weak, amiable, friendly way. Her maternal instincts are aroused.

"If May takes my advice," she says, "she will come home with me at once, and leave you all, unfettered by any consideration for her until Frank can clearly explain to her the cause of his very extraordinary behaviour."

"We can never be 'unfettered' by any consideration for May; she is one of us," Mrs. Forest says, suavely. But the suavity fails to act as oil on the troubled waters, and when Mrs. Constable goes home, May goes with her, and there is discord in Mrs. Forest's breast between family interest and family feeling. She will not surrender May, and the prosperity which May represents, to spare Kate's feelings. But at the same time she will not surrender

Frank's right to apparent freedom of action for all May's wealth.

#### CHAPTER VIII. "I THINK IT INDISCREET, FRANK!"

"FOR all her external mildness, May has a nasty temper of her own, I'm sure of that," Gertrude says, as she lounges about Kate's room, watching the latter packing up the few remaining trifles which are still scattered about. Then Miss Forest goes on to tell her cousin of the resentful manner in which the Constables have received the tidings of Frank's intention of paying a visit to his uncle.

"Trying to tie a man to her apron-string in that way is so foolish," she says in conclusion, and she looks interrogatively at Kate as she says it.

Kate makes no response. Apparently she is fully absorbed in counting over her small stock of trinkets. But Gertrude is not to be easily turned out of the conversational groove in which she has placed herself.

"I should go on a very different plan if I were engaged," Gertrude goes on; "I should let the man feel himself to be as free as air; wouldn't you?"

Thus directly addressed, Kate looks up at last and says—

"I think that I should do everything that is directly opposed to what Miss Constable does; still I don't wonder at her feeling annoyed with Frank about this sudden resolve to go away."

"She is foolish to show it though, isn't she?" Gertrude persists. "He's bound to her hard and fast; her pettishness may make him tug at his chain, but, as mamma was saying just now, he can't break it."

"A man 'can' do whatever he pleases in that way, I should think," Kate says calmly, but her lips quiver. If Frank "can't" break the chain which binds him to May Constable, then has he behaved very weakly, perfidiously, and cruelly to Kate Mervyn.

"Not with the Constable family on one side of him and mamma on the other," Gertrude laughs out; "besides, I don't think that his aversion to the marriage is violent enough to urge him to take such a decided step as breaking his engagement would be. He's no reason to do it either, you know; she's not a bit sillier or more tedious than she was in those days of rapture when he proposed to her."

"Only he has had time to find her out," Kate says, carelessly, rising from her knees

as she speaks. "I wish I hadn't agreed to go by such a late train, Gertrude; I wish the 'good-byes' were over, for you have all been very kind to me, dear, and I wish I was gone!"

Large genuine tears are rolling down Kate's cheeks. She has not slept for the last two or three nights, and she has had a vast amount of emotional feeling to contend against during the day. She knows that though she is parting in peace with her aunt, and her aunt's family, now, it will be war to the knife between them when they next meet, if Frank does break his present bonds. This conviction galls her, for, as she says, "they have been very kind to her." Nevertheless Frank is dearer to her than his family, and she knows how it will go with her, if Frank does accompany her back to that quiet little country home of hers, wherein he will have nothing to do but make love.

"We shall miss you terribly," Gertrude answers, touched into something like sincerity by the pathos Kate has employed. "I wish you were May Constable, only you deserve something better than the uncommonly light love which is the only article Frank has to bestow. What fun it has been to be sure," she continues, "to watch the elastic way in which Frank loves and unloves! He used to tumble into a grand passion one night in every week at least, and come out perfectly cured the next morning."

Kate's tears cease flowing, and she looks her cousin very steadily in the face as she says—

"You want me to think Frank more fickle than he is, for some reason or other, Gertrude; but I've got my own opinion of him, and I shall stand by it, I think, until Frank himself gives me cause to alter it."

"Oh! well, dear, please yourself," Miss Forest replies. "I thought, perhaps, that a word in season might send you home happier. Just remember this, though, Kate," she adds, putting her hands on Kate's shoulders, frankly and kindly: "I shall keep my own counsel; I shall not say a word of this to mamma or Marian."

Kate makes one faint struggle to keep her secret. The struggle is proved ineffectual on the spot.

"A word of what, Gertrude?" she asks.

"I didn't begin the conversation with the idea of making discoveries, Kate, dear," Gertrude says; "I began it to pass away the time, till mamma thinks fit to summon me to read to Captain Bellairs;

but I have made discoveries while we have been talking. Kate, you're a goose; you're worlds too good for Frank, though he's a very nice fellow. Let May have him in peace."

"I wouldn't move a hair's breadth to take him from her," Kate says, with an angry, white face; and, even as she says it, she remembers how many hairs' breadths she has moved already on her way to win him! How pitiful it all is, after all! The evasion, the mockery, and the snare!

"Go back to smiling Somersetshire, and beam legally upon some active hunting squire, or some amiable, rich rector. No!" with sudden compunction "that wouldn't suit you, Kate, would it?"

"I don't think I could breathe in such a perfect air as the rich rectory would probably be; and I don't want to be held 'a little dearer than his horse' only by a hunting squire. Spare yourself the trouble of mapping out a future for me; I should never travel by your plan."

She says this with a weary air of irritability that is a new thing in her. Frank's going home with her will be a fatal step, indeed, if nothing more comes of it than the pleasant pastime of love-making for him, and the piteously painful position of being ultimately left by him for cold prudence sake, for her. Better, far better, that she should forego the sweet delight of his society in the present, than that she should get to love it better, to find it essential to her heart's peace, and then to be bereft of it! So she reasons with herself for a weary, hopeless minute. Then she remembers all her own potent charms, all her own winning love, and she banishes all fear of May, all doubt of Frank from her mind.

Frank, meanwhile, has been driven by his mother's strong will, and his own weak desire to smooth over matters, to an interview with May, in which he has to say farewell, and offer an explanation as to why he is compelled to say it for a time. He has been received with sad serenity by Mrs. Constable—who has no manner of right to sit in judgment upon him, he instantly recollects—and with a great deal of spurious dignity by May. "The dove can peck, and no mistake," he tells himself, with a laugh, as May looks up with overdone surprise when he enters, and says—

"I hadn't the least idea of seeing any one this morning. When people call out

of season, they must expect to be very badly entertained."

"But if I hadn't intruded on you this morning, I shouldn't have seen you at all, May." Then he flounders on, awkwardly enough, into the first falsehood he feels himself obliged to tell in the matter, and adds; "I couldn't have come in the evening, as I have to go down to my uncle's to-day on family business."

"Really!" May says, with elaborate indifference, drawing a little basket of flowers towards her as she speaks, and altering the position of a few of their leaves and tendrils. "Mamma, these flowers are not half so good as those we get from the place in Baker-street."

"I have been so much worried to-day, that I hardly remember where I sent James for the flowers," Mrs. Constable rejoins, plaintively. "And James is just like the rest of the world, very apt to forget his duty for his pleasure. I've no doubt but that he went to the nearest place, in order to save himself trouble."

"Very natural thing to do in this blazing hot weather," Frank says, defending the guilty James, simply because he feels that the speech is a side thrust at himself. "Come May," he goes on getting himself a little nearer to his liege lady, "are you not going to offer a fellow a little pity, if nothing else, when you hear that he has to take himself for several hot hours in a hot train, for the sake of business."

May's round pale blue eyes emit a little flash; May's rosebud foolish mouth purses itself up unpleasantly; May's manner, which is not fascinating at the best of times, grows stiff with angry jealousy as she answers—

"I'm sure you wouldn't put yourself to any inconvenience, unless you were to be rewarded for it, Frank, so I can't pity you a bit; I'm not silly enough, whatever you and other people may think, to believe that you don't like going very much indeed."

"Then you think my business is either profitable, or pleasurable?" he asks, rising up, and leaning over her laughingly, as he thinks, "I'm getting through it much easier than I expected." Alas! for him, he is not out of the wood yet.

"Please don't crumple my frill, Frank," she says, with maidenly severity. "I wish you'd sit still in your chair, it's so difficult to talk to people when they're fidgeting about; it does give the impression of a person being so uneasy in society, too."

Frank ceases to crumple the frill, and Mrs. Constable takes up the parable.

"I always think it such a pity," she says, "that some friend does not point out disagreeable little tricks and habits to people; that Miss Mervyn, now, her way of moving up and down a room is most objectionable, most objectionable!"

"Oh! I wasn't thinking of Miss Mervyn," May says, petulantly, "one doesn't expect country bred girls to know what they're about when they go into society; but I don't want Frank to take up the family failing."

"Write me a handbook of etiquette, and I will read it," Frank says, good-humouredly, "but excuse my talking it just now, as I have something else to say." Then he goes on to explain to May, that business may keep him down in the country for a fortnight or three weeks.

She listens to the rather halting explanation in angry silence, with an almost insulting air of not believing it. A gleam of good humour from her at this juncture, a little effort to please him, a slight appearance of seeming to have trust in him, would win him from his purpose of going away with Kate, and breaking off his engagement with May. But the latter does not know this, therefore she gives vent to her natural disposition, which is not the gentlest and most generous in the world, and in answer to his remark, says—

"Pray don't think it necessary to explain any portion of your business to me. I thoroughly understand it already."

"I am glad that you do," he says, with good-humoured provoking calm, and then Mrs. Constable joins in the conversation in a bustling, domineering, interfering way that is infinitely disagreeable to a man.

"I think it indiscreet, Frank, to say the least of it, that you, an engaged man, should go travelling about with that young lady alone."

"That young lady is my nearest relation, after my mother and sisters," he says, quietly. His resolution to have done with May is deepening every moment, but he is fully determined not to do or say anything that may be twisted into an act or word of discourtesy.

"The relationship is all rubbish," May says, and Frank feels that he is not proud of her diction.

"However that may be, it is time for me to be off now," he says, and he rises, and goes over to May, wondering whether,

in the moment of parting, she will relent a little, hold up her face to be kissed, and so sap his determination.

She does nothing of the kind. "Good-bye, if you are going," she says, barely giving him the tips of her fingers, and resolutely turning from him to the re-arranging of her flowers again. So he goes from her with a cool hand-clasp only by which to remember their hour of parting, and thinks, with a throbbing heart, of how Kate's tiny hand will thrill within his own, when he tells her that he is both true and free.

"I think it indiscreet, Frank, and cruel into the bargain," Mrs. Constable says, half in sorrow, half in anger, as he pauses by her chair and tenders her his hand.

"I can't help it," he says, rather doggedly, "if offence is taken when none is intended, what can a fellow do?" Then he says something more about having barely time to catch his train, and gets himself out of the presence of his betrothed, without further let or hindrance.

Fortunately for him he has but little time allowed him in his mother's house, before the moment arrives when they must start. "Have you made it right with May?" Mrs. Forest asks, in a low voice. "You must tell me that, Frank. I will not be kept in the dark."

"I told her that I was obliged to go, and she turned sulky about it," he answers, carelessly.

"Take your own way," his mother replies, with an angry movement of her head and hands, "take your own way—and suffer for it."

"Good-bye, mother; look after Bellairs," he says, quietly, in response. Then he adds, as unconcernedly as he can, "Where's Kate? she mustn't loiter about any longer, or she'll miss her train."

"I wish I had never seen my brother's child; I wish she had never been born," Mrs. Forest responds, bitterly.

"It's too late for that wish to be efficacious now," he laughs; "have you said good-bye to her, mother?"

"Don't let me see her again," she rejoins, and he is glad to accept her terms and get his cousin away without further intercourse with his disappointed mother.

The pair are very silent, very constrained, very awkward, as they drive down to the station. The bustle and confusion on the platform serve, for a marvel,

as a sedative to both of them; and by the time they are seated in the carriage, and the train has puffed off, they are outwardly composed. For a wonder, the man is the first to speak.

"I've had a hard time of it this morning, dear," he says, bending his head nearer to her, and she replies,

"Weakness to be wrath with weakness; but I can't help feeling sure that you have stirred up strife for nothing; still—I'll never blame you."

### ACHEEN.

On the fifth day of June, in the year of grace 1602, an English fleet, under the command of Captain or General Sir James Lancaster, arrived in Acheen Roads, the key to the now famous Straits of Malacca. The rumour of Queen Elizabeth's victories over the Spaniards had taught the native princes of Sumatra to respect the English name. When Sir James Lancaster steered his ships through a crowd of trading vessels from several nations then moored in the roads, he met with an honourable reception. The sagacious statesman who in that day encouraged the commercial adventures of the English nation, desired to form a mercantile connexion between England and the realm of Acheen. Sir James Lancaster, before he left England, had been furnished with complete powers to ratify a treaty with the sultan, and with a letter from the queen herself, which he was directed to deliver into the sultan's own hands. Soon after the arrival of the fleet, "General" Lancaster sent Captain Middleton, commander of the Vice-Admiral's ship, with five English gentlemen, to request an audience, and to state that he was the bearer of a letter and presents from the great and powerful queen of the English nation. The sultan received Captain Middleton with kindness and respect, gave him a splendid entertainment, and invested him with a robe of honour in the fashion of the country. Three days afterwards, the sultan sent down to the mole six elephants, with drums, trumpets, and streamers, and a vast retinue to escort the "General" to court. One of the elephants, fourteen feet high, carried a pavilion covered with crimson velvet on his back. In the centre of the pavilion was placed a golden basin, in which the queen's letter was laid, covered with a piece of rich silk. The general and

the principal officers of his suite rode upon the other elephants, while the rest of his retinue marched in procession on foot. On entering the presence chamber the general said that he had been sent by the most high and mighty Queen of England to propose strict friendship and alliance with his majesty, and "ignorant that the Acheenese disliked long speeches" was entering into a statement of the mutual advantages to be gained, when he was interrupted by the sultan, who decreed "he would sit down and repose himself after his tedious voyage," and assured the general that he might depend upon all the favours he could reasonably demand, in behalf of the noble princess of whom fame had spoken many great things. The letter and the queen's presents were laid before the sultan. The presents consisted of "a large silver basin with a fountain in the middle of it, weighing two hundred ounces; a great standing drinking cup; a fine looking-glass; a head piece with a plume of feathers; a fan made of feathers; an embroidered sword belt; and a fine pair of pistols." It appears that the sultan was pleased most with the fan, for he directed one of his ladies who sat at his feet immediately to fan him with it. A grand entertainment ensued, at which the guests sat cross-legged after the manner of the east. The dishes were either of pure gold or of "tambock," a mixture of gold and brass. The drink served at the banquet was arrack. After dinner the ladies of the harem were called in and danced after the manner of the country.

A copy of the queen's letter is given in the Account of the present state of the Sunda Islands, compiled by Herman Moll, whose work was published by George Grierson, printer to the king's most excellent majesty at the sign of the two Bibles in Essex Street, Dublin, in 1739. The letter is lengthy, and sets out how Providence caused various nations to need the productions of each other, in order that love and friendship might be engendered betwixt all men. Complimentary notice is made respecting the power of the Acheenese: "We have known that you are able not only to defend your own kingdom, but to give wars unto the Portugals, in the lands which they possess: as namely, in Malacca, in the year of the Human Redemption, 1575, under the conduct of your valiant captain Ragamacota, with their great loss, and the perpetual honour of your highness's crown

and kingdom.\*" When the letter was read, the sultan appointed two noblemen to treat with the general, and in a short time a compact was drawn up and signed, containing eight articles, to the effect that the English should enjoy free trade in the King of Acheen's dominions, that no custom should be paid for goods imported or exported, and all assistance should be given to the English in case of shipwreck; that in case of death the English could bequeath their goods to whom they pleased; that all bargains and contracts with the king's subjects should be punctually performed; that the English should have power of doing justice and determining all differences between their own people; that the king should do them justice in case the English received any injury from the natives; that no seizures should be made of their persons or goods for debt; and that the English should enjoy the freedom of their religion. These articles of commerce being settled, the English at once took advantage of them, and the queen's ships were freighted with pepper, the first fruits of the treaty with this remote nation. The treaty is remarkable, as Sumatra was the first country with which the English traded in the east, and the stepping-stone to our vast commercial and military enterprises in Hindostan. Nor was the general forgetful that his queen was at war with "the Portugals and men of Spain," for, cruizing in the Straits of Malacca, he caught sight of and pursued a great Portuguese canack, which surrendered after an engagement. On board the prize were found six hundred persons, whom the Portuguese were carrying from the island of St. Thomas to Malacca. The captors obtained nine hundred and fifty bales of chintz and calicoes, plain and "painted," with abundance of rice and rich merchandise. The most valuable articles were selected and presented to the sultan, who rejoiced at the general's success; "for the Portuguese had behaved themselves with that insolence towards the Indian princes, that they could not endure them any more than they can the Dutch at the present day." This remark has a curious bearing upon recent events at Acheen. On the return

\* The Queen's letter makes no reference to a previous encounter between the Acheenese and the Portugals in the same straits, when the former were signally defeated. The victory is reported to have been miraculously announced by St. Francis Xavier to the beleaguered garrison at Malacca, on the same day.

of the general to England, the sultan con- signed to him for the "mighty sultana who rules over the kingdoms of England, France, Ireland; Holland, and Friesland," a ring of gold set with a great ruby; and two vestures embroidered with gold, enclosed in a red box of tzin or china. The sultan, like his people, was a Mahomedan, and wrote in Arabic. When the English ships were about to leave, he asked if the sailors had not the Psalms of David amongst them? "Where- upon about a dozen of the general's retinue sung him a psalm, wherewith the sultan was wonderfully pleased."

The ancient description of the city of Acheen, given in the narrative of Sir James Lancaster's voyage, with few alterations, corresponds with its condition in the present day. "The city stands in a plain, surrounded with woods and marshes, about half a league distant from the sea, near a pleasant rivulet. It is an open town, without wall or moat, and the king's palace stands in the middle of it, being of an oval figure, about half a league in circumference, surrounded by a moat twenty-five feet broad, and as many deep. About the palace are cast up great banks of earth instead of a wall, well planted with reeds and canes, that grow to a prodigious height and thickness, insomuch that they cover the palace, and render it inaccessible. These reeds and canes are continually green, and not easily set on fire. There is no ditch or drawbridge before the gates; but on each side a wall of stone about ten feet high, that supports a terrace, on which some guns are planted; and a small stream runs through the palace, which is lined with stone, and has steps down to the bottom for the convenience of bathing. The avenues to the palace are naturally well defended; for the country round about Acheen is full of rivulets, marshes, and thick woods of cane or bamboo, which are almost impenetrable, and very hard to cut. There are several little forts erected at proper distances in the marshes, where guards are planted to prevent a surprise. In the sultan's magazines are found a numerous artillery and a good quantity of fire-arms; but his greatest strength is in his elephants, which are trained up to trample upon fire and stand unmoved at the report of cannon. The city consists of seven or eight thousand houses. Every person surrounds his dwelling with palisades, which stand at some distance from it, except in the principal streets, where the markets are kept. The

houses are built upon posts, nine or ten feet from the ground, to secure them from periodic inundations. They are made of split cane or bamboo, roofed with palmetto leaves. There are many mosques about the city, built of stone and roofed with tile, but without towers or steeples."

In Lancaster's time, the port of Acheen was the emporium for nearly the whole island of Sumatra. Seldom were there fewer than fifteen sail of merchant ships moored there. For half a century the English maintained a factory in the city, and the English residents were bound to learn the language, laws, and customs of the country. When the ill-fated settlement made by the English at Bencoolen became the chief mart for British merchandise, the factory at Acheen was given up, but ships from England, frequenting the port, were always privileged to avail themselves of the provisions obtained by Lancaster's treaty with the king.

Twenty years after Lancaster's mission the English formed a settlement at Bencoolen. This place, on the western side of the island, was easily accessible by sea, the harbour was considered to be commodious and safe, and its position could be marked at twenty miles distance by the high slender mountain, known as the Sugar Loaf, which ran immediately behind the town. The country round the site was an offensive morass; for the rain-fall, pouring down the sides of the Sugar Loaf, lodged and stagnated among the rank refuse of tropical vegetation. As on the Gold Coast, "shoals of English" died there every year. Aware of the fatal character of the region, yet each hoping to live for two or three years and realise a competency, young men from many English ports took up their residence as traders or agents. They perished in numbers, especially during the rainy season, when the heat drew out the poison from decayed vegetable matter and putrid pools. An ensign, who went thither from Fort Saint George, with eighty "strong jolly soldiers," was the only survivor of his company at the end of two years. No efforts were, in that day, made, or thought of, for draining the marshes, or cutting down the jungle. At last, the English sailors visiting the place died off "like rotten sheep." Merchants found that to keep up the supply of fresh lives, doomed to death, had become too costly, and they determined to erect a fort and fac-

tory at a more healthy place. The fort they called Marlborough; and although, with some vicissitudes, the settlement had prospered, in a mercantile sense, for fifty years, the erection of the fort excited the jealousy of the natives, and led to a terrible catastrophe in the year 1719.

So early as 1717, the natives exhibited symptoms of hostility. Some of the British factors at Bencoolen had, after the example of the Dutch, treated the chiefs harshly, and had driven hard bargains with the humbler class of native dealers. Marlborough Fort had made considerable progress. The foundation of one gorge and two curtain walls had been laid, and raised a foot high in brick and cement, and bricks and cement had been provided for the completion of the whole work. The residents thought they would soon be secure against any attempt that might be made upon them; nor had they any suspicion that the natives were armed, and a powerful conspiracy formed to destroy them on the first opportunity.

On the 21st of January, 1719, the East Indiaman, Matchlapatam, a large ship, carrying twenty guns, left the mole at Bencoolen, and no armed ship remained in the harbour. The natives supposed that the chance they had long watched for had come. The Pangarans, chiefs professedly in alliance with the English, issued secret orders to the leading men in the inland districts to equip and send forward to Bencoolen the contingents agreed upon. Early in March an immense number of natives had collected on the estates of the Pangarans located near the settlement. The servants of the English residents were tampered with, and from them full information was obtained respecting the strength and movements of the garrison. Stragglers from the fort and town were cut off and killed; cattle were driven away, and pepper plantations destroyed. The residents, greatly alarmed, took what measures they could, and armed the most trusty of their servants. Fortunately, on the 16th of March, the Matchlapatam unexpectedly returned; but the natives had gone too far to recede, and on the 23rd of March all the sugar plantations were set on fire, and burned furiously. During a skirmish with the natives, the negroes and Chinese servants ran off to the enemy; and, eventually, there remained in the fort but a hundred and twenty-five English, with a few negroes, Chinese, and Malays, who continued faith-

ful. During the night, fires broke out in several quarters of the town and in the plantations. The garrison fired cannon into the jungle, where the enemy was supposed to be concealed; unfortunately the wadding of a gun fell upon the roof of the barrack, and set the building in flames. Then the residents made for the shore, cutting their way bravely. On reaching the beach they saw, ranged up, and advancing against them, many thousand natives, headed by their sultan and Pangarans. The men were then ordered to save their lives by swimming, or to get on board some boats that were lying in the harbour, and make for the Matchlapatam, in the best way they could. In the attempt, half of the residents were either drowned or killed by the enemy. The survivors, after enduring severe hardships, and encountering two fearful storms, in one of which they lost their rudder, eventually reached Batavia. Next year, many of them returned to Bencoolen, for the chiefs lost their trade by the expulsion of the English, and learning that the Dutch were preparing to occupy the place, they welcomed the residents back and allowed them to complete the fort, which the English took care to make strong enough to resist any force the natives could bring against it. After the return of the English, documents were found, one from a personage whose title was, "The man who eats nothing," and others from chiefs and native priests, which proved that the conspiracy had existed for two whole years before the English had any suspicion that treachery was intended. Bencoolen and the other British settlements in Sumatra were given to the Dutch in 1824, in exchange for the harbour and precinct of Malacca. But so recently as 1819, the East India Company renewed a treaty with the sultan of Acheen, binding him to exclude natives of all other European states, and all Americans, from fixed settlements on the coast, or residence in his dominions. In return for these concessions, the company lent the sultan fifty thousand dollars, and presented him with twelve brass field pieces, ammunition, and military stores. King James the First had given the sultan two "great pieces of ordnance," one with a bore of eighteen inches, the other of twenty-four inches. These guns, until a very recent period, stood, and probably still stand, on either side of the gate of the king's palace.

England has now no settlement or

"factory," either at Acheen or Bencoolen; our trade is chiefly carried on from the flourishing settlement on the little island of Penang, whose governor, in his most recent communication with the colonial office, expresses his fears that the war now waged by the Dutch against the sultan of Acheen, may injure the increased and lucrative traffic between Penang and Sumatra.

### WHITBY JET.

JET, a sort of semi-jewellery in its usual applications, is one of those many substances which have a kind of mysterious brotherhood with coal. The beautiful pearly white paraffin for candles comes from coal; so does the benzoline which we use in our handy little sponge lamps; so do the gorgeous magenta and aniline dyes and pigments; and so, some people think, does jet. In this last-named instance, if coal is to be mentioned at all, we should rather say that jet is a kind of coal, not that it is produced from coal. Be this as it may, jet, a shining black substance, is found in seams dissociated from all other black minerals; not in the coal regions, but in other districts of England, notably near Whitby in Yorkshire. It occurs also in Spain, in Saxony, and in the amber districts on the Prussian shores of the Baltic.

Scientific men, in the language of mineralogy, say that jet is a variety of coal; that it occurs sometimes in elongated masses, sometimes in the form of branches, with a woody structure; that its fracture is conchoidal or shelly, its lustre brilliant and resinous, and its colour velvet black; that it is about twenty per cent. heavier than water; that it burns with a greenish flame, emits a bituminous odour while burning, and leaves a yellowish ash. But the Whitby folks can adduce many reasons for thinking that jet, in some of its forms at any rate, must have been at one time in a semi-liquid state, quite unlike coal derived from a ligneous origin. Mr. Simpson, curator of the Whitby Museum, states that that collection comprises among its specimens a large mass of bone which has had the exterior converted into or replaced by jet. This jet coating is about a quarter of an inch thick. The jetty matter appears to have entered into the pores of the bone, and there to have hardened; during this hardening or mineralising process the bony matter has been gradually

displaced and supplanted by jet, the original form of the bone being maintained. Another reason for thinking that the jet, or some of it, must once have been in a gummy or semi-liquid state, is that bits of vegetable and mineral substances are sometimes found imbedded in it, as flies, wings, and small fragments are in amber. Cavities and fissures in the adjacent rocky strata are also sometimes found filled with it, as if it had flowed into them originally. The stratum called "jet-rock," in which the Whitby jet is mostly found, is a kind of shale, which, when distilled, yields ten gallons of oil per ton. That in a remote geological era there was an intimate relation between this oil and the jet is very probable; though its exact nature cannot now be determined. The Yorkshire coast for many miles north and south of Whitby is a storehouse of jet. The deposit occurs in the lias formation, the jet-rock being interlaid with other lias strata. Two kinds are found in different beds or layers, the hard and the soft jet. The hard, which is in all respects the best, occurs in detached compact layers or pieces, from small bits no bigger than dominoes to pieces of many pounds weight. The largest piece recorded measured six feet long, five to six inches wide, and an inch and a half thick; it weighed nearly twelve pounds. The British Museum authorities refused to give ten guineas for this fine specimen; whereupon it was sold for fifteen guineas to a dealer, who had it carved into crosses of exceptionally large size.

For how long a period jet, or black amber as it was at one time called, has been found and worked near Whitby, no one can now say; but the time certainly ranges over many centuries. In a tumulus or barrow, opened in the vicinity of the town, was found the skeleton of a lady—supposed to have been ancient British, before the date of the arrival of the Danes—and with it was a jet ear-ring, two inches long by a quarter of an inch in thickness, shaped like a heart, and pierced with a hole at the upper end for the reception of a ring or wire. An ancient document affords presumptive proof that jet was known and used for purposes of ornament before the founding of Whitby Abbey. Caedmon, a Saxon poet, buried in this abbey, wrote some lines which have been modernised thus—

Jet, almost a gemm, the Lybians find;  
But fruitful Britain sends as wondrous kind;  
'Tis black and shining, smooth and ever light,  
'Twill draw up straws if rubbed till hot and bright!

This last allusion is to the electrical qualities of jet, which are very considerable, and somewhat like those of amber—whence its occasional name of black amber. The substance was, in the middle ages, made at Whitby into beads and rosaries, probably by the monks or friars.

As a branch of regular trade, Whitby jet work was of not much account till about the beginning of the present century. The Spaniards made the principal beads and rosaries for Roman Catholic countries of a soft kind of jet; but when English ladies began to wear jet as mourning jewellery, the superior hardness of the Whitby material induced some of the townsmen to attend to this kind of work. The first workers employed nothing but knives and files in fashioning the ornaments; but one Matthew Hill gave an extension to the trade by finding the means of turning the jet in a lathe—a more difficult matter than turning wood, owing to the brittleness of the material. In a short time there were ten or twelve shops in Whitby where jet beads, necklaces, crosses, pendants, and snuff boxes were made and sold. About thirty years ago, Mr. Bryan, the chief representative of the trade, obtained the largest "find" of jet ever known, from a spot in the neighbourhood called the North Bats; it comprised three hundred and seventy pieces, or "stones," valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. There were fifty workshops engaged in the trade at the time of the first Great Exhibition in 1851; the number now exceeds two hundred.

According to an interesting account of this industry by Mr. Bower, the jet is obtained by two modes of operation, cliff-work and hill-work. Pieces of jet washed out by the sea from fissures in the face of the cliff are, indeed, sometimes picked up on the beach; but these are few in number, unreliable for purposes of regular trade. In cliff-work, portions of the face of the cliff are hewn down, until seams of jet are made visible; and the jet is picked out from these seams, so long as it can be got at. This is somewhat dangerous employment, owing to the precipitous nature of the cliffs. In hill-work, diggings are made in the Cleveland hills, near Bilsdale, about twenty miles inland from Whitby. Tunnels are driven into the hill sides, drift-ways and lateral passages are driven, and jet-rock is thus laid bare in various spots; picks and other instruments extract

the pieces of jet, which small waggons running upon a tramway bring to the tunnel's mouth. The find is always precarious, especially in cliff work; sometimes no jet is obtained in a month's work; while, in other instances a lucky hit will bring to light a valuable harvest. At present the hill-work is most adopted, and there are about twenty small mines at the Cleveland hills. The men rent the workings, as at the Cornish copper and tin mines; their profits represent their wages, and depend on the ratio between the richness of the seam and the rent paid; insomuch that the miners have every motive for exercising judgment and discrimination in the bargains they may make. The best hard jet will realise, when in large pieces, thirty shillings per pound; whereas the poorest soft pieces are barely worth a shilling a pound: these extremes are separated by many intermediate gradations of value. The Whitby hard is the finest jet known, having more toughness and elasticity than any other, admitting of more delicate working, and taking a higher polish. On the other hand the Spanish soft is better than the Whitby soft; and experts say that many ornaments sold in the shops as genuine Whitby, came from beyond the Pyrenees, and were never made of Whitby jet at all. They look well at first, but are apt to break up under the influence of sudden heat and cold, and are in other respects far from durable. This fragility is believed to be due to a small per-centage of sulphur which most Spanish jet contains.

Let us suppose that pieces of jet, varying much in size and shape, are brought to the workshop. The rough jet has a kind of exterior skin or crust, often marked by impressions of ammonites and other fossils, and presenting various tints of bluish brown. This skin is removed by means of a large chisel. At the sawing-bench the piece is then cut up with saws. This process requires much discrimination, seeing that the size and shape of the piece must determine the kind, size, and number of ornaments obtained from it; the great object is to waste as little of the substance as possible. From the saw-bench, the jet passes into the hands of the carvers and turners. The turning is effected by a careful use of small lathes. The carving is effected by grinding rather than cutting, grindstones of various kinds being used, and the jet applied to them in succession—first to grind away, and then to polish.

In this way most of the beads, necklaces, bracelets, crosses, brooches, locket, chain-links, &c., are made, as well as bas-reliefs, floral designs, and monograms. A clever workman will get twenty per cent. more value out of the same piece of jet than a man of less skill and judgment, by adapting his design to the size and shape of the piece. Soft jet is much wasted during working, by the presence of fibres, grit, &c.; it is therefore better fitted for beads than for intricate ornaments. Much use is made of the cutting mill, a disc or wheel of soft metal, about eight inches in diameter; the edge, or rim, made sharp and set in rapid revolution, cuts the jet quickly and smoothly. The surfaces of the carved or turned ornaments are polished by being held against the edge of a revolving wheel, covered with walrus or bull-neck leather, and wetted with copperas and oil. The edges, scrolls, curls, and twists, require that the wheel edge shall be covered with list; and then comes a final application to a brush-wheel. The beads for necklaces, bracelets, &c., are put together with strong twisted threads and small wires. Chains are made by turning and carving the links separately, splitting some of them, and inserting the unsplit into the split links; small wires are inserted where necessary, and the split closed up with a cement of shellac and resin. Pendants, ear-drops, &c., are linked in a similar way. Some of the jet, when rough-cut at Whitby, is bought by Birmingham jewellers, who finish it according to their own taste.

Whitby suspects that Scarborough affects to look down upon it as a poor imitation of a fashionable watering-place. At any rate, a newspaper in the latter town poked fun at the jet trade of Whitby not very long ago: "All towns have their peculiar industries, and jet is well known to be the industry of Whitby. Jet meets you at every turn and in every shape; even the large black Newfoundland dogs, glossy from their bath, sit as if carved out of jet. Surely no modern manufacture of trumpery ever rivalled this in ugliness. With a refinement of cruelty, some insert sections of ammonites in it; others (this is the ne plus ultra of richness) surround it with a fretwork of alabaster; and you may buy a card-tray of this glittering, inconclusive material, with the classic features of Victor Emmanuel staring at you from the bottom. One wonders who can buy such things; but there are some

people who must have the speciality of the place they are in, however base and trivial it may be. Those who acquire mosaics at Rome, beads at Venice, inlaid wood at Sorrento, carved paper-knives in Switzerland, iron brooches at Berlin, marble paper-weights in Derbyshire, and all the 'fun of the fair' wherever they go, will surely not fail to carry away some dark memorials of Whitby."

This may be all very well as a passing skit, but is not worth much as an argument. Whether jet is a suitable material for small ornaments is surely a matter of taste, as it is in regard to coral, black pearls, and bog oak. The jet trade is increasing, and now gives employment to fifteen hundred hands in Whitby and its neighbourhood. The influence of fashion is shown in a remarkable way when the death of any great personage at court is announced, such as that of the Duke of Wellington, or of the Prince Consort: at such a time Whitby can hardly meet the sudden demand for jet jewellery suitable for mourning. Once now and then, however, the joy of the nation is the sorrow of jet dealers. When the Prince of Wales lay prostrate with illness, dealers purchased somewhat largely, in order to be prepared for eventualities. When the Prince recovered there was a larger stock of jet jewellery ready than the public wanted, and so the commodity did not "look up" in the market.

Whitby and Birmingham are trying to improve the designs for jet carvings and turnings; and there is no doubt room for improvement. When a new start was given to the trade at the first great Exhibition, the Art Journal engraved some new designs suitable to this peculiar material. The beneficial result was seen at the next Exhibition eleven years afterwards; and still more decidedly at the second of the two annual International Exhibitions, when jet ornaments took their place in the jewellery display of that year. Two or three years ago, the Turners' Company of London having offered prizes for meritorious specimens of turning in wood, ivory, and other material, the judges were agreeably surprised at having placed before them a vase turned in jet. The Whitby maker had skilfully cemented two or more pieces together, to obtain a sufficient bulk of the substance for the purpose; and his honorary reward was, the freedom of the City of London. Jet is usually found in such thin seams that nearly all the orna-

ments and articles made of it are flat and of small thickness; cementing is occasionally adopted, where two pieces are suitable for being joined face to face; but all attempts to work up fragments, cuttings, turnings, and powder into a paste or homogeneous mass have hitherto failed. This can be done with amber, and with the meerscham clay for pipe-bowls; but no mode has yet been devised for adopting the same course with jet.

As in most other trades, a love of cheapness acts frequently as a bar to the attainment of any high degree of technical skill. A shopkeeper will show his lady customer two jet brooches or necklaces almost exactly alike in appearance; she is prone to select the cheaper of the two, regardless of the fact that the other presents higher claims as a specimen of art workmanship. If called by its right name, an excellent material of recent introduction would deserve much commendation; but when announced as imitation jet, and still more when allowed to pass for jet itself, it deserves the censure that is due to all shams. We speak of ebonite or vulcanite, a very tough material, prepared with india rubber and other substances, smooth and black, but not taking so high a polish as jet. Black glass does duty for a large quantity of cheap mourning jewellery, innocently supposed by many of the wearers to be jet. Another substitute is wood-powder, blacked, moulded, and hardened. A still more remarkable material is paper pulp, cast or pressed into blocks, rolled into sheets, cut up, ground on wheels, blacked, and polished. But, naturally enough, these substitutes for the genuine article find no favour in Whitby.

#### TO A THRUSH.

##### A WOODLAND REVERIE.

AH, brother singer, piping there  
In a glad hush of golden air,  
As though to care unknown;  
Oh, would I were a thrush to wing  
The leafy world of woods and sing,  
Like you, for joy alone!

Of all, ah me! that plagues us so;  
Of days of work you nothing know,  
Of nights of thought, not rest.  
Oh, would I were a bird, and knew  
Unclouded singing hours with you,  
Unworked, undriven, and blest!

That little bill—to you 'tis sweet  
A little bill to have to meet,  
Which men can seldom say.  
You well may sing; men toil and toil  
But thrushes have no pot to boil,  
No small accounts to pay.

"Black care," so sings our Horace, 't sits  
Behind us still," and all our wits  
Are tasked, its weight to bear;  
Your children give you not a thought;  
Within the nest they're clothed and taught;  
You've not for that to care.

And then those songs of yours you trill  
And chirp and warble when you will;  
Oh, happy, happy lot!  
While we must chirrup at all times  
And, sad or glad, must grind out rhymes,  
Whether we like or not.

Then critical Reviews we read;  
To all their scoffs you pay no heed;  
You mind them not a rush.  
Nor lose in peace of mind or cash  
Though they should growl your songs are trash:  
Oh, would I were a thrush!

And yet, my jovial singer there,  
You too, perhaps, may have your care  
And trill with anxious mind;  
Your thrushship, perhaps, may be hen-pecked  
If slugs to bring home you neglect;  
Worms may be hard to find.

There may be feathered cares and woes  
Unnesting nature never knows;  
We judge but as we can;  
And you there, jolly as you sing,  
May think your lot not quite the thing,  
And long to be a man.

#### COMMISSARIAT IN CRYSTAL.

TWENTY-THREE years ago, the physical exhaustion brought on by sight-seeing was not sufficiently recognised by the managers of our places of public amusement. If the visitors to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham of to-day were compelled to put up with the fare provided for the crowds that thronged the Hyde Park Crystal Palace in 1851, one can imagine the amount of grumbling and indignation would be something prodigious. Everyone who visits the Sydenham Palace on the occasion of the annual fête of intemperate water-drinkers, knows the amount of ill-feeling, protestation, and strong language the locking of the beer-engines for one day only causes, and yet, even with this drawback, the refreshments are far in advance of those of the old Hyde Park show. If my recollection serves me, the refreshments there consisted of little else than lemonade, sandwiches, buns, and pork-pies; just such refec-tion as would be utterly scorned at the mildest "small and early" child's party in the present day. The consequence was, that people became terribly exhausted, had fearful headaches, went home frightfully bored, and came to the determination never to go there again. The only people who thoroughly enjoyed themselves were those

who were not above bringing useful baskets, comfortable stone bottles, and well-filled sandwich-boxes; who boldly produced their "nose-bags" under the shadow of some work of high art and "mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd," with an energy worthy of the sailor's wife mentioned by Mr. William Shakespeare in his tragedy of *Macbeth*. The real consequence of this inefficient supply of creature comforts was that the Royal Commissioners missed the opportunity of making a great deal of money by refreshment contracts; they had a smaller number of visitors, the restaurants and public-houses in the neighbourhood drove a tremendous trade, and M. Soyer's Symposium at Gore House was extensively patronised. Twenty-three years ago the great axiom which had been laid down by Miss Griffin at Capsicum House some years previously was not sufficiently understood. It may be remembered that this excellent lady said, "The weapons to subdue man are not to be found in the library, but in the kitchen. The weakest part of a crocodile is his stomach. Man is a crocodile." This crocodilean condition of visitors to exhibitions was not recognised in the times alluded to. Especially if the exhibition had anything of a high art or educational tendency, the very mention of eating and drinking was almost deemed sacrilege. Royal Academicians shook their heads gravely at the hint of any one consuming the harmless but necessary bun, or uncorking the frisky but innocuous ginger beer within their sacred temple. This may seem strange to people who visit Burlington House nowadays, and who freely take their Calderon and Clicquot, their Millais and mayonnaises, their Marks and Marcobrunner, their Hook and Hochheimer, their Grant and gingerbread, their Poole and pork pies, their Leighton and lemonade; who see no impropriety in mingling high art with ham sandwiches, or combining champagne with chiaroscuro. Twenty-three years ago it was quite another affair, and almost as much difference exists between the refreshment department of the Crystal Palace of '51 and that of '74, as there is between the present well-appointed luncheon-room at Burlington House and the days of the old Trafalgar-square, show, when we used to treat pretty cousins and pretty girls who were not cousins, to jam tarts and ices at Farrance's famous shop hard by. Twenty-three years ago

Spiers was unknown and Pond had not arisen; Bertram was unborn as far as the eating public were concerned, and Roberts was not thought of; the world wotted not of Sawyer, neither had Strange become a household word unto them. And yet to think what powers in the state these caterers have now become! Just take an instance which may lead to the illustration of the especial matter I have in hand. Supposing on some great occasion at the Crystal Palace—such as Good Friday or Easter Monday—when an army of forty or fifty thousand British sight-seers invade the Crystal Palace and require not only to be amused but to be victualled. Supposing at such a time Mr. Sawyer's commissariat were to break down; supposing there were to be some hitch in his scheme, or some failure in his arrangements, and the vast crowd were obliged to go away an hungered and athirst. The consequences would be terrible; the visitor might put up with the loss of a favourite singer or popular performer, but if he went to a counter, expecting to regale himself on a pork pie and a glass of beer, and he found the counter pork-pieless and the beer-engine dry, his indignation would know no bounds. The British public expects to be frequently and generously refreshed; but I take it the British public know little of the immense amount of thought and labour, the vast capital, the number of clever heads and busy hands employed for its refreshment. We are too much in the habit of looking upon our every-day luxuries as if they grew like flowers, and we never for a moment think of the trouble of the gardeners or the expense of the hot-houses which bring their growth to perfection. May I be permitted to enlighten visitors to the Crystal Palace? Shall I be their guide to certain courts that the ordinary shilling-payer never visits, and to departments that the British excursionist wots not of? I will, if you please, take you for a flying trip behind the scenes of the Crystal Palace, and show that not only are every-day visitors provided for, but its commissariat is amply sufficient to satisfy the requirements of a gigantic army of sight-seers.

Under guidance of the head-gardener, I slip in some mysterious fashion behind a refreshment bar, dive down a corridor, and find myself in the first of the hot-houses, where he raises those flowers which are even more important to the British public than the popular floricultural displays held

in the months of May, June, and July. Indeed, a hot-house is not a bad name for this place, for the room is at tropical temperature, and there is an aromatic flavour about the atmosphere. My first thought is that it must be a series of boilers to drive the engines for pumping water for the fountains, but I find on enquiry it is nothing of the kind; it is simply a gigantic tea and coffee brewery. Here we find enormous tea-kettles and vast coffee-pots, boiling and bubbling, seething and steaming; we see men busily at work in stoking the furnaces underneath them, and we fancy there must be enough tea and coffee in process of decoction to satisfy the whole of London after it had signed the pledge. A jovial looking individual, who is appropriately singing "bee-eutiful str-rong cup of tea!" in an undertone, courteously informs us the number of thousands of cups of tea that his brewery turns out upon special occasions. Never did we see tea brewed on such a grand scale before. One would fancy that the Giant Cormoran was about to give a tea-party, to which he had invited Faw-fee-fo-fum, Blunderbore, and Fin McCoul, together with their wives and families, and that he was determined to be well provided with the cup that cheers but inebriates not. Seeing these gigantic appliances for making tea on a grand scale, it will perhaps hardly astonish you when you are told no less than four thousand five hundred and ninety-six gallons of tea, eleven hundred and thirty gallons of coffee, and thirty-four gallons of chocolate is within the quantity consumed at this brewery on Good Friday and Easter Monday. These vast supplies necessitate, I should tell you, the accompaniment of one thousand six hundred and ninety-one gallons of milk. Leaving the bower of the Fairy Theine, we pass down a corridor, through a vast grocery store, where a number of men appear to be as busy as they are at a popular grocer's in a crowded neighbourhood on Christmas Eve. We emerge in a lofty room which is crammed with large square baskets, gigantic boxes, and numberless square trays, piled one upon the other, giving one the idea that the Crystal Palace Company had, among their numerous projects, undertaken the cultivation of the silkworm on a large scale. I find, however, that the trays contain sponge cakes, buns, tarts, "three-corners," puffs, biscuits, macaroons, and every description of light pastry, ready to be

sent off at daylight to-morrow morning to the various refreshment stations about the Palace. Those square baskets each contain fifty veal and ham pies, and the boxes are crammed with plum-cakes, seed-cakes, and pound-cakes. Two grave looking men pervade this department, and seem as if they were looking for a Guy Fawkes who had concealed himself within a vast pork-pie, with the intention of blowing the Crystal Palace to smithereens, or searching for some unprincipled stowaway, who was endeavouring to insinuate himself into the Easter gaities—without payment of the customary shilling—disguised as a sausage-roll. Most important is the mission of these two grave men, and most thorough is their search. They open baskets, examine boxes, and peer into trays; they make mysterious memoranda as they go along. I follow them as they pass on, and I hear them babble of scores of pork-pies, of hundreds of biscuits, and of thousands of buns. I wonder to myself, as I proceed, whether these individuals are acute men of business, or melancholy-mad pastry-cooks. I am not allowed to investigate this matter, however, but am borne away, with curiosity unappeased, to the kitchen.

And what a kitchen it is! Large, convenient, light, and airy. It is rather like a series of kitchens contained in one large saloon, for all culinary operations are carried on in this room under the ever-watchful eye of the head cook, who is here, there, and everywhere, seeing that the strictest order is preserved and that everything is going on in proper fashion. What a busy scene it is! Here may be seen an artist giving the finishing touches to a boar's head, there may be perceived a professor tasting soup with the most critical of tongues. Everywhere white-jacketed, white-capped men are hurrying about, never for a moment still. They lift up the lids of steaming pots, they peer into mysterious hot cupboards, they stir up hissing liquids, they regulate mysterious machinery, they pant, they perspire, they bustle about just as if they were performing in the opening of a pantomime. Indeed when you come to think of it the whole scene is more like a scene in a pantomime than anything else. The gigantic kettles, the vast pots, the seething cauldrons, looking three times the size of life, all favour this. One begins to fancy that it is the laboratory of Wizard Hankey

Pankey, and that the head cook is Mr. W. H. Payne. His two lieutenants must surely be Mr. Harry and Mr. Fred Payne; the Vokes family and Mr. George Conquest cannot be far off, and we feel inclined to heave a few stew-pans about and go in for a general spill and pelt all over the place. We are quite disappointed that the *chef* does not bring out a gigantic brush and comb and go through an elaborate toilette, diversified with severe personal assaults on all his staff during the operation. We are quite surprised, too, when we ask a question of his lieutenant, to find that instead of rolling his head round and round and protruding his tongue, he replies civilly and sensibly. Our guide takes us in tow, he pilots us carefully amongst the islands of the kitchen and prevents us being absorbed in a well of soup, or falling into the fiery furnace and being roasted along with the fowls. And what a furnace that is! At first glance one is surprised to see so small a fire for so large a kitchen; but one sees on nearer inspection that the greater part of the fire is closed in, thus economising heat and fuel. One of the white-capped gentry opens cupboard after cupboard, and we see shelves upon shelves, whereon are roasting dozens of fowls, of pieces of beef, and of legs of mutton. "Show the Baron, William," says our guide. It must be a pantomime, after all, I think; or I say to myself with a shudder—Is it Republicanism? Has it come to this? Is it necessary that a distinguished member of the aristocracy should be roasted and presented as a burnt-offering to Citizen Odger every time the people make holiday. "Bring forth the fiery untamed Baron!" William smiles, then opens a large cupboard. What do I see? Not a repentant nobleman, with a blue ribbon and a star gradually becoming reduced to "crackling," but a gigantic bit of beef, weighing no less than four hundred and twenty pounds, gradually turning round and round, basking in the glorious heat, and seeming to smile a benevolent smile through its adipose tears, as if it were rather enjoying itself than otherwise. People may say what they like, joints certainly have a facial expression. Occasionally you meet with joints that bear a striking resemblance to your intimate friends. Cold joints have generally a haughty and "don't know yah" bearing: hot joints are usually benevolent, hearty,

and genial. I never saw such a genial joint as our friend the Baron, for as he turned slowly round and round, he appeared to be enjoying himself prodigiously; and once when I fancied he caught my eye, he gave me a series of unctuous winks, and looked as if he were saying to himself, "I say, old boy, what a day we're havin'!" I was rather glad when William closed the door, and we were allowed to pursue our investigation in another department.

More pantomime scenes. This surely is the home of King Pat-a-cake, for here are crowds of baker's men, rolling, and pricking, and marking you see; and presently they will pop it in the oven for you and for me, or any other visitor who may choose to purchase it. There are gangs of floury men everlastingly rolling, and pricking, and marking; so floury are they that they seem to exude flour when they come in contact with anything, just like a puff-ball, or a new pair of buckskin gloves. There is a light filmy dust about the place that has a tendency to choke you pleasantly, and there is that agreeable savour which always belongs to a bakery. How busy they are rolling out paste for the roofing of pies, the enclosure of jams, the imprisonment of pigeons, the incarceration of pork, the surrounding of fruit, and the entombment of veal and ham! Have you any idea of the number of square feet of pastry they have to roll out for the sustenance of visitors on Good Friday and Easter Monday? No, I dare say you have not. No more have I. But I daresay you can calculate it, when I tell you what is consumed on those two days. So here they are: twenty-six thousand nine hundred and seventy-six plum buns; ten thousand three hundred and eighty-six Bath buns; thirteen thousand nine hundred and twenty penny cakes, and twenty-one thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine two-penny cakes. In addition to these may be incidentally mentioned five hundred and fifty school cakes, weighing altogether five thousand five hundred pounds; seven thousand three hundred and thirty-one biscuits; sixty-four tarts; ten thousand one hundred and fifty-seven pork pies; two thousand four hundred and twenty-eight veal and ham pies; and eleven sausage rolls. The last item is a curious one. It would appear that the sausage-roll was not so popular an edible as formerly, and one would be inclined to imagine that those eleven in-

dividuals who consumed the eleven sausage-rolls, out of the thousands who paid a visit to the Crystal Palace on the two days mentioned, must certainly be beings of no common order. In a room of a somewhat similar nature hard by we find more floury men engaged in the manufacture of bread. And the following is the supply of the staff of life they are compelled to furnish, for the satisfaction of hungry visitors. Seventeen hundred and eighty household loaves; one hundred and sixty sandwich loaves; twenty-four thousand eight hundred and fifty-one large rolls; four thousand small rolls; five thousand eight hundred cottage loaves; and sixteen brown loaves. It would seem from this statement that the brown variety, that most delicious of all breads, is by no means popular with the Easter holiday folk.

We are lost in wonder at the gigantic walls of bread that these numbers represent, and would fain stay and calculate what sized village could be built with it. But our guide hurries us on. There is plenty more to see, and we have little time to spare. We are taken through a fish-monger's shop, where every kind of fish in season is reposing on cool marble slabs, and then into another room which has shelves upon shelves of pies arranged like specimens in a museum, and where, if we like, we may verify the extraordinary statistics given above. The next place to be visited is the butcher's shop. Butcher's shop, say I? Why, it is more like a small market. We pass down between rows and rows of meat: we see plump legs, and tempting saddles of mutton, countless mutton chops, fore-quarters of lamb, juicy sirloins of beef, succulent steaks, and tempting ribs. If there should be a famine on Sydenham Hill, Mr. Sawyer would certainly be prepared to supply all families for miles round, and when we hear he has to provide against the consumption of at least two thousand five hundred pounds of meat, we are not astonished at the prodigality of his supply. On travelling further we perceive a curious looking machine, something between a patent pump and a coining press, which we are informed is a machine for making salad-dressing by steam—a very useful apparatus, too, where at least four hundred and forty salads have to be supplied. Machinery is called into requisition in this establishment, wherever it

will save time or labour. There is a gigantic machine for making sausage-meat, and in the laundry we were shown an ingenious invention for ironing table-cloths. In a place like this the washing and ironing of the table-linen is quite a little business of itself; and if you were to hear how far all the table-cloths put together would reach, how many serviettes, dusters, and glass cloths were in constant requisition, you would be mightily astonished.

The provision for drinking is in equal proportion to that of eating. There is a series of rooms which would gladden the heart of a good Templar, for they are devoted entirely to the storage of aerated waters. Soda, seltzer, ginger beer, and lemonade here hold high carnival. I am informed by a jovial looking individual, who is taking his "afternoon lunch"—a capital institution, and not sufficiently recognised, is afternoon lunch, I should tell you—off a bit of blue Stilton, a crust, and a pint of bitter beer, that he has provided a matter of four thousand dozen of soda-water alone, "just for 'em to go on with." This will give one a slight idea how the Teetotalers are considered, and how every taste is consulted by the caterers. We are then taken downstairs into the cellars. Oddly enough, it never occurred to me before that there were cellars at the Crystal Palace. There are, though; cool, and still, and cavernous, as cellars should be. We pass through series after series. There are the caves containing stacks of pints and quarts, exhibiting the rubicund label of Bass and the time-honoured insignia of Guinness; then we pass into vaults with innumerable barrels stored on each side; and, lastly, into a well-lighted apartment, where pipes are trailed all over the floor, as if all the gas-pipes in the place had suddenly gone mad, or as if repentant serpents, after having been the curse of mankind since the world began, had suddenly taken it into their heads to become useful members of society by becoming conduits. This is the supply department; and these repentant serpents are connected with the beer-engines upstairs, which will pump away merrily and frequently on the morrow. We must just glance at the wine-cellar; take a glimpse at the wines in the wood, the cases of champagne, the bins of old port, the magnums of claret, the lanky hock-bottles, and the picturesque Steinwein flasks. Everything

seems prepared for the most fastidious taste of the army of occupation. Everything is elaborately explained by a courteous individual, whom we find taking a cup of tea on the top of a sherry-cask under the gas-light. This strikes us as odd. Is it a part of the careful arrangement of the commissary-in-chief that the beer-drinker should have charge of the soda-water and the consumer of tea should have to look after the wine? We just take a rapid run round one of the third-class refreshment bars, to see the preparations they are making for the next day. Everything is ready for the rush that will take place on the arrival of the first train. There are cups, and plates, and pots, and knives and forks on the counter; there are stacks of bread and butter, and there is four hundred-weight of cheese cut into two pennyworths; there are innumerable plates of sliced ham, and above all there are seven barrels of pickles. It would puzzle one to account for this undue preponderance of pickles till we are informed that the most popular light refreshment among the excursionists is a glass of beer and a pennyworth of pickles.

A few more statistics will give some idea of the hunger that afflicts Easter excursionists. What do you say to the following? One thousand three hundred and fourteen plates of ham; one thousand three hundred and ninety-eight plates of beef; one thousand and fifty-five plates of fowl and ham; seventeen thousand seven hundred and fifty-three butters; four hundred and nine jellies, five hundred and thirty-six puddings, and four thousand two hundred and nine sandwiches. I fancy the following quantity of articles consumed in making the goods will make you open your eyes a little. Five hundred-weight of sultanas; five hundred and eighty pounds of tea; four hundred and ninety pounds of coffee, and sixty pounds of chocolate. And beyond this thirty-seven hundred weight of butter; eighteen hundred weight of currants; fifteen hundred weight raw sugar; one hundred and seventy-five hundred weight of refined sugar; fifteen thousand eggs; seventeen hundred weight of cheese, and one hundred and seventy-five sacks of flour. In a brief article one is not able to more than hint at the perfect organisation and complete system—so complete that an error of a few pence is discovered on the morrow, and the defaulter known—which exists in the management of the "Commissariat in

Crystal." It is impossible to go into the clever arrangements and the perfect system of book-keeping that achieve this, in the present paper. It is enough to know that Mr. Sawyer is fully able to meet the requirements of any number of sightseers, and that the time-honoured institution of the British excursionist—the "nose-bag," as far as the Crystal Palace is concerned, is a thing of the past.

### CORRECT COSTUMES.

THE question of dress has always been of the gravest importance to the theatrical profession. It was a charge brought against the actors of Elizabeth's time, that they walked about the town in gaudy and expensive attire. The author of *The Return from Parnassus*, first published in 1606, but held to have been written at an earlier date, specially refers to the prosperity, and the consequent arrogance of the players. He is believed to have had in view Alleyn or even Shakespeare:—

Vile world that lifts them up to high degree,  
And treads us down in grovelling misery!  
England affords these glorious vagabonds,  
That carried erst their fardels on their backs,  
Coursers to ride on through the gazing streets,  
Sweeping it in their glaring satin suits,  
And pages to attend their masterpieces.

But it is clear that these "glorious vagabonds," were regardless that their dress should be splendid, merely. There was no thought then as to the costumes of the stage being appropriate to the characters represented, or in harmony with the periods dealt with by the dramatists. Nor did the spectators find fault with this arrangement. It did not disturb them in the least to find Brutus and Cassius, for instance, wearing much the same kind of clothes as Bacon and Raleigh. And in this way anachronisms of other kinds readily obtained pardon, if indeed they ever moved attention at all. Certainly the hero of an early Roman story should not have spoken of gun-powder, much less have produced a pistol from his belt; but his conduct in this wise became almost reasonable, seeing that he did not wear a toga, but doublet and hose—the dress indeed of a gallant of Elizabeth's time.

It is only in quite recent times that the correctness of stage costumes has undergone systematic consideration, and been treated as a matter of real urgency, although occasional experiments in the

direction of reform are to be found recorded in early accounts of the drama. Mr. Pepys describes his visit to the theatre in 1664, to see *Heraclius*, or *The Emperor of the East*, Carlell's translation of *Corneille*, and notes, "the garments like Romans very well. . . at the beginning, at the drawing up of the curtain, there was the finest scene of the emperor and his people about him, standing in their fixed and different postures, in their Roman habits, above all that I ever saw at any of the theatres." But attempts to be accurate in this way were only of an intermittent kind; any enduring amendment can hardly be found until we approach a period that is within the recollection of living playgoers. Mr. Donne, the examiner of plays, writes in one of his essays on the drama: "We have seen the *Rivals* performed in a sort of chance medley costume—a century intervening between the respective attires of Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute;" and he adds, "we have seen the same comedy dressed with scrupulous attention to the date of the wigs and hoops; but we doubt whether in any essential respect that excellent play was a gainer by the increased care and expenditure of the manager." Sir Walter Scott had previously written:—"We have seen Jane Shore acted with Richard in the old English cloak, Lord Hastings in a full court dress, with his white rod like a Lord Chamberlain of the last reign, and Jane Shore and Alicia in stays and hoops. We have seen Miss Young act *Zara*, incased in whalebone, to an Osman dressed properly enough as a Turk, while Nerestan, a Christian knight, in the time of the Crusades, strutted in the white uniform of the old French guards!"

Even as late as 1842 a writer in a critical journal, reviewing a performance of *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Haymarket Theatre, reminds the representatives of Young Marlow and Hastings that the costumes they wear, being "of the year 1822, accord but ill with those of 1772, assumed by the other characters." "The effect of the scene is marred by it," writes the critic. And ten years before, Leigh Hunt had admitted into the columns of his *Tatler* many letters dwelling upon the defects of stage costume in regard to incongruousness and general lack of accuracy. One correspondent complains of a performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at Covent Garden, in which Bartley had played Falstaff "in a dress

belonging to the age of the first Charles;" Caius had appeared as "a doctor of the reign of William and Mary, with a flowing periwig, cocked hat, large cuffs, and ruffles;" while John Rugby's costume was that "of a countryman servant of the present day." Another remonstrant describes Kean as dressing *Othello* "more in the garb of an Albanian Greek than a Moor; Richard goes through the battle without armour, while Richmond is armed cap-à-pie; and Young plays Macbeth in a green and gilded velvet jacket, and carries a shield, until he begins to fight, and then throws it away." A third correspondent draws attention to the School for Scandal and Mr. Farren's performance of Sir Peter Teazle in a costume appropriate to the date of the comedy, the other players wearing dresses of the newest vogue. "Even Sir Oliver," it is added, "appeared in a fashionable modern drab great-coat." In a note Leigh Hunt records his opinion that Mr. Farren was right, and that it was "the business of all the other performers to dress up to his costume, not for him to *wrong* himself into theirs," and adds, "there is one way of settling the matter which puts an end to all questions except that of immediate convenience and economy; and this is to do as the French do, who rigidly adhere to the costume of the period in which the scene is supposed to take place. Something of immediate sympathy is lost, perhaps, by this system, for we can hardly admire a young beauty so much in the dress of our grandmothers as in such as we see our own charmers in; but this defect is compensated by a sense of truth and propriety, by the very quaintness and novelty of the ancient aspect, and even by the information it conveys to us."

The condition of the Parisian stage in regard to its improved and splendid scenery, decorations, and accessories owed much to the special intervention and patronage of Louis the Fourteenth. Sir Walter Scott ascribes to Voltaire "the sole merit of introducing natural and correct costumes. Before his time the actors, whether Romans or Scythians, appeared in the full dress of the French court; and Augustus himself was represented in a huge full bottomed wig surmounted by a crown of laurel." Marmontel, however, claims to have had some share in this innovation, and also in the reform of the stage method of declamation, which had previously been of a very pompous kind. Following his counsels Mdlle. Clairon, the famous tragic actress,

had ventured to play Roxana, in the Court Theatre at Versailles, "dressed in the habit of a Sultana, without hoop, her arms half-naked, and in the truth of Oriental costume." With this attire she adopted a simpler kind of elocution. Her success was most complete. Marmontel was profuse in his congratulations. "But it will ruin me," said the actress. "Natural declamation requires correctness of costume. My wardrobe is from this moment useless to me; I lose twelve hundred guineas worth of dresses! However, the sacrifice is made. Within a week you shall see me play Electra after nature, as I have just played Roxana." Marmontel writes:—"From that time all the actors were obliged to abandon their fringed gloves, their voluminous wigs, their feathered hats, and all the fantastic paraphernalia that had so long shocked the sight of all men of taste. Lekain, himself, followed the example of Mdle. Clairon, and, from that moment, their talents thus perfected, excited mutual emulation and were worthy rivals of each other."

Upon the English stage reform in this matter was certainly a matter of slow growth. A German gentleman, Christian Augustus Gottlieb Goede by name, who published, in 1821, a long account of a visit he had recently made to England, expresses in strong terms his opinions on certain peculiarities of its theatre. "You will never behold," he writes, "foreign actors dressed in such an absurd style as upon the London stage. The English, of all other nations the most superstitious worshippers of fashion, are, nevertheless, accustomed to manifest a strange indulgence for the incivilities which this goddess encounters from their performers. I have seen Mr. Cooke personating the character of Sir Pertinax McSycophant in *The Man of the World*, in a buff coat of antique cut, and an embroidered waistcoat which might have figured in the court of Charles the Second; though this play is of modern date and the actor must of course have been familiar with the current costume. In the *Way to Keep Him*, Mr. C. Kemble acted the part of Sir Brilliant Fashion, a name which ought to have suggested to him a proper style of dress, in a frock absolutely threadbare, an obsolete doublet, long pantaloons, a prodigious watch-chain of steel, and a huge *incroyable* under his arm. This last article, indeed, was an appendage of 1802, but all the rest presented a genuine portrait of an

indigent and coxcombical journeyman tailor. He must have known that pantaloons and an *incroyable* rumped and folded together are incongruous articles of apparel—that no gentleman, much less, Sir Brilliant Fashion, would make his appearance in a threadbare coat; and that steel watch-chains, as the chronicles of the Birmingham manufactories plainly evince, have been out of date these fourscore years. Neither would he, I am perfectly convinced, parade in such a costume off the boards of the theatre. Why then should he choose to exhibit such a whimsical figure upon them? May I venture to offer my own conjecture on the subject? The real cause probably is that an absurd costume is perfectly fashionable upon the English stage!"

In reply to these and similar strictures there is nothing much to be said, unless it be that actors and audience alike were content with things as they were, and that now and then reforms had been attempted without, however, resulting in any particular success. Garrick had rendered the theatre invaluable services both as actor and as stage-manager, but he had been unable to effect any very beneficial change in the matter of dress. Indeed it seems probable that his attempt to appear as Othello had failed chiefly because he had followed Foote's example and attired the character after a Moorish fashion, discarding the modern military uniforms in which Quin and Barry had been wont to play the part. The actor's short stature, black face, and Oriental dress had reminded the audience of the turbaned negro pages in attendance upon ladies of quality at that period. "Pompey with the tea-kettle," as Quin had said, having possibly a plate of Hogarth's present in his mind; and the innovation, which was certainly commendable enough, was unfavourably received, even to incurring some contempt. Garrick's dress as Hotspur, "a laced frock and a Ramilies wig," was objected to, not for the good reason that it was inappropriate, but on the strange ground that it was "too insignificant for the character." A critic writing in 1759, while timidly advocating the amendment of stage dress, proceeds to doubt whether the reform would be "well received by audiences who have been so long habituated to such glaring impropriety and negligence in the other direction." Clearly alteration was a matter of some difficulty and not to be lightly undertaken.

It is well known that Garrick, in the part of Macbeth, wore a court suit of scarlet and gold lace, with, in the latter scenes of the tragedy, "a wig," as Lee Lewes the actor says in his memoirs, "as large as any now worn by the gravest of our Barons of the Exchequer"—a similar costume being adopted by other Macbeths of that time—Smith and Barry for instance. When the veteran actor Macklin first played Macbeth in 1774, however, he assumed a "Caledonian habit," and although it is said the audience, when they saw "a clumsy old man, who looked more like a Scotch piper than a general and a prince of the blood, stumping down the stage at the head of an army, were generally inclined to laugh," still the attempt at reform won considerable approbation. At that time it was held to be unquestionable that the correct costume of Macbeth should be that of the Highlander of the snuff shop; but in later days it was discovered that even the tartan was an anachronism in such case, and that Macbeth and his associates must be clad in stripes, or plain colours. Even the bonnet with the eagle's feather, which Sir Walter Scott induced Kemble to substitute for his "shuttlecock" head-dress of ostrich plumes, was held to be inadmissible: the Macbeth of the antiquaries wore a conical iron helmet, and was otherwise arrayed in barbaric armour. But when Garrick first played Macbeth there were good reasons why the reform to be introduced by Macklin at a later date could not be attempted. Mr. Jackson, the actor from Edinburgh, who wrote a history of the Scottish stage, records, that being engaged at Drury Lane, he had resolved to make his first appearance in the part of Young Norval, in the tragedy of Douglas. He writes:—"I had provided for the purpose before I left Edinburgh, a Highland dress, accoutred cap-à-pie with a broad sword, shield and dirk, found upon the field of Culloden. But here, as usual, fresh impediments arose. Lord Bute's administration, from causes unnecessary here to enter upon, was become so unpleasant to the multitude, that anything confessedly Scotch awakened the embers of discussion, and fed the flame of party. Mr. Garrick therefore put a direct negative at once upon my appearance in Douglas; Oroonoko was substituted in its place; for even to have performed the play of Douglas would have been hazardous, and

to have exhibited the Highland dress upon the stage, imprudence in the extreme. Could I have supposed, at that period," asks Mr. Jackson—his book bears date 1793—"that I should live to see the tartan plaid universally worn in the politest circles, and its colours the predominating fashion among all ranks of the people in the metropolis!" What with the predisposition of the audience in favour of the conventional court suit, and afterwards their prejudice against the Scotch, on account of the '45 and Lord Bute, Garrick could hardly have assumed tartan in Macbeth. A picture by Dawes represents him in the battle scenes of the play as wearing a sort of Spanish dress—slashed trunks, a breastplate, and a high-crowned hat!

Macbeth, indeed, was never "dressed" agreeably to the taste of antiquarian critics, until the ornate revivals of the tragedy by Mr. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, in 1847, and by Mr. Charles Kean, at the Princess's Theatre, some five years later. The costumes were of the eleventh century on each of these occasions, Mr. Phelps's version of the play being so strictly textual, that the musical embellishments, usually attributed to Locke, but in truth supplied by Leveridge, were discarded for the first time for very many years. Lady Macduff was restored to the list of dramatis personæ, from which she had so long been banished, and the old stage direction in the last scene, "enter Macduff with Macbeth's head upon a pole," was implicitly followed. But these revivals were a consequence of earlier reproductions of Shakespeare, with rigid regard to accuracy of costume, and general completeness of decoration. John Kemble had taken certain important steps in this direction, but his example had been bettered by his brother Charles, under whose management of Covent Garden, "King John" was produced, the costumes being supervised by Mr. Planché, and every detail of the representation receiving most attentive study. Great success attended this experiment, although, in the first instance, there had prevailed a strong inclination to deride as "stew-pans" the flat-topped helmets worn by King John and his barons. After this, accuracy of costume, especially in relation to the plays of Shakespeare, became the favoured pursuit of managers. Mr. Macready ventured upon various revivals, archaic and decorative, at Covent Garden and Drury Lane;

Mr. Phelps followed suit at Sadler's Wells, and Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's, until it seemed that correctness of attire, and splendour of scenery and appointments, could no further be carried; indeed alarm arose lest the drama should perish altogether under the weight of upholstery and wardrobe it was doomed to bear. Already the art of acting, in its more heroic aspects, had undergone decline; there was danger of the player sinking to the level of a mere dummy or lay-figure for the exhibition of costly raiment.

Still, these luxurious illustrated editions of Shakespeare were attractive and popular, although it is probable that the audience esteemed them less for their archaeological merits than on account of their charms as spectacles. Indeed, few in the theatre could really be supposed to prize the cut of a tunic, or the shape of a head-dress, or to possess such minute information as enabled them to appraise the worth, in that respect, of the entertainment set before them. However, pages from the history of costume were displayed, indisputable in their correctness, and those who listed might certainly gather instruction. Here was to be seen King John in his habit as he lived; here appeared the second and third Richards, King Henry, Queen Katherine, and Wolsey; now was presented London, with its inhabitants in the middle ages; now, the Venice of Shylock; and, anon, the "Bithynia" of the days of King Leontes. The spectators applauded the finery and the skill of the embellishments; and their favourable verdict upon these counts carried with it, presumably, approval of the players, and, perhaps, a measure of homage to Shakespeare.

The passion for extreme decoration, in relation both to scenery and dresses, has not known abatement of late years, though it has sought other subjects than those supplied by Shakespeare—most unwittingly; for never could the poet have even dreamed of such a thing as "a correct and superb" revival. But the question, as to the benefit done to histrionic art by these representations, remains much where it was. To revert to the shortcomings of the Elizabethan stage would be, of course, impossible; the imaginations of the audience would now steadily refuse to be taxed to meet the absence of scenery, the incongruity of costumes, and the other deficiencies of the early theatre. Some degree of accuracy our modern

playgoers would demand, if they disdained or disregarded minute correctness. Certainly, there would be dissatisfaction if a player, assuming the part of King Henry Eighth, for instance, neglected to present some resemblance to the familiar portraits of the king by Holbein. Yet the same audience would be wholly undisturbed by anachronisms touching the introduction of silken stockings, or velvet robes, the pattern of plate armour, or the fashion of weapons. After all, what is chiefly needed to preserve theatrical illusion is a certain harmony of arrangement, which shall be so undemonstratively complete as to escape consideration; no false notes must be struck to divert attention from the designs of the dramatist and from his interpreters, the players; and to these the help derived from scenery and dresses should always be subordinated. Yet, when has the theatre been thus ordered, or have audiences been so disciplined? Beaumont, probably, had good reason for writing to Fletcher, concerning a performance of his *Faithful Shepherdess*—

Nor want they those who as the boy doth dance  
Between the acts, will censure the whole play;  
Some like if the wax lights be now that day;  
But multitudes there are whose judgment goes  
Headlong according to the actors' clothes.

The playgoers of Garrick's time, and long afterwards, were habituated to the defective system of theatrical costume—had grown up with it. To them it was part of the stage as they had always known it, and they saw no reason for fault-finding. And it is conceivable that many plays were little affected by the circumstance that the actors wore court suits. It was but a shifting of the period of the story represented, a change of venue; and Romeo, in hair powder, interested just as much as though he had assumed an auburn wig. The characters were, doubtless, very well played, and the actors appeared, at any rate, as "persons of quality." In historical plays one would think the objection to anachronism much more obvious; for here distinct events and personages and settled dates were dealt with. But there was an understanding that stage costume was purely a conventional matter—and so came to be tolerated most heterogeneous dressing: the mixing together of the clothes of almost all centuries and all countries, in a haphazard way, just as they might be discovered, heaped up in a theatrical wardrobe. It was not a case of simple anachronism; it was com-

pound and conflicting. Still little objection was offered.

And even a critic above quoted, writing in 1759, and proposing greater accuracy in the costumes of historical plays, refrains from suggesting that comedy should be as strictly treated. He even advances the opinion that the system of dress in vogue at the date of the play's production should be disregarded according to "the fluctuations of fashion." "What should we think," he demanded, "of a Lord Foppington now dressed with a large full-bottomed wig, laced cravat, buttons as large as apples, or a Millamant with a head-dress four stories high?" And there is something to be said for this view. The writer of comedy pictures manners, and these do not change immediately. His portraits remain recognisable for a generation, probably. Lord Foppington had descendants, and his likeness, with certain changes of dress, might fairly pass for theirs for some time. But, of course, the day must arrive when the comedy loses value as a reflection of manners; it is interesting as a transcript of the past, but not of the present. It is doubtless difficult to fix this date with preciseness; but when that has been accomplished the opportunity of the antiquarian-costumier has arrived.

Macklin, who reformed the costume of Macbeth, also, it should be recorded, was the first actor who "dressed Iago properly." It seems that formerly the part was so attired or made up that Iago's evil nature was "known at first sight; but it is unnatural to suppose that an artful villain like him would choose a dress which would stigmatise him to every one. I think," adds the critic, "that as Cassio and he belong to one regiment they should both retain the same regimentals." By way of final note on the subject is subjoined the opinion of Mr. Disraeli, recorded in Vivian Grey, touching the dress that should be worn by Othello. "In England we are accustomed to deck this adventurous Moor in the costume of his native

country—but is this correct? The Grand Duke of Reisenberg thought not. Othello was an adventurer; at an early age he entered, as many foreigners did, into the service of Venice. In that service he rose to the highest dignities—became general of her armies and of her fleets; and finally the Viceroy of her favourite kingdom. Is it natural to suppose that such a man should have retained, during his successful career, the manners and dress of his original country? Ought we not rather to admit that, had he done so, his career would in fact, not have been successful? In all probability he imitated to affectation the manners of the country which he had adopted. It is not probable that in such, or in any age, the turbaned Moor would have been treated with great deference by the common Christian soldier of Venice—or, indeed, that the scandal of a heathen leading the armies of one of the most powerful of European states, would have been tolerated for an instant by indignant Christendom. . . . Such were the sentiments of the Grand Duke of Reisenberg, on this subject, a subject interesting to Englishmen; and I confess I think they are worthy of attention. In accordance with his opinion, the actor who performed Othello appeared in the full dress of a Venetian magnifico of the middle ages: a fit companion for Cornaro, or Grimani, or Barberigo, or Foscari."

NEXT WEEK will be commenced a

NEW SERIAL STORY,

ENTITLED,

### SAFELY MARRIED.

By the Author of "An Experience," "Daisy's Trials," &c. &c.

Now ready, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

### THE ELEVENTH VOLUME

OF THE NEW SERIES OF

### ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

To be had of all Booksellers.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

# CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Price 1s. Cloth.

A Book for Home and School Use that will equal anything produced.

## BEETON'S PICTORIAL SPELLER.

Comprising—Alphabets, Words of from Two to Ten Letters, Easy Words, Easy Lessons, Moral Stories, Stories from English History, Bible Stories, &c.

**THE CHEAPEST ILLUSTRATED SPELLING-BOOK PUBLISHED.**

199 Pages, and 430 Illustrations.

*The following are the Special Features in Beeton's Pictorial Speller:—*

1. The work contains a complete system of Spelling.
2. The Reading Lessons are all interesting and useful.
3. The series of Lessons on Bible History, and the series on English History, are complete in themselves, and form a First Book on those subjects.
4. The illustrations, 430 in number, are varied, and especially chosen with regard to their educational character.
5. The type throughout is clear and large, and everything is done to facilitate the process of learning.
6. The book, besides being a Speller, is a complete epitome of such knowledge as a child should acquire in its first education.

"The book deserves a cordial success."—*Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.*

"The illustrations, the plan, and the selections, are excellent."—*Liverick Reporter.*

"Without doubt this is one of the best and most successful School Books ever issued for beginners. The child is taken on step by step, until when he has mastered the contents of the SPELLER, he will have acquired a budget of Bible Stories, Moral Stories, Historical Stories, besides a good quantity of social knowledge."—*Derby Mercury.*

## BEETON'S PENNY CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*As Elementary Books for Children, none will be found better calculated to meet the end in view. Every step of the way being made cheerful by Pictures, and the Lessons advancing by easy gradations, make this series full of attractions to young beginners.*

In handsomely Coloured Wrapper, crown 8vo, post free, Three Halfpence each,  
or the Complete Set of Six Books, post free, for 8d.

1. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL A B C BOOK.** 28 pp. Comprising Alphabet of Animals, Alphabet of Objects, Small and Capital Letters, Script Letters, Alphabet of Country Life, All about the Alphabet told in Verse, &c. With 94 Illustrations.
2. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL SPELLING BOOK.** 24 pp. Comprising Easy Words of Two Letters to Words of Seven Syllables. 43 Illustrations.
3. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL PRIMER AND EASY WORD BOOK.** 24 pp. Comprising Easy Words and Easy Reading Lessons from Words of Two to Six Letters. 78 Illustrations.
4. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL READER.** 24 pp. Comprising Reading Lessons in Prose and Poetry of an Interesting and Progressive Character. 21 Illustrations.
5. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** 28 pp. Comprising Lessons about English Kings, Chronologically Arranged. Also a List of the Kings and Queens of England, with the Dates when their Reigns began and ended. 46 Illustrations.
6. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL BIBLE HISTORY.** 28 pp. Comprising First Lessons from Bible History, from the Fall of Adam to the time of the Apostles. 39 Illustrations.

London: Ward, Lock, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

## Beeton's "All About It" Books.

Handsomely bound, each 2s. 6d.

1. **ALL ABOUT COOKERY**: a Dictionary of Every-day Ordering of Meals, and Management of the Kitchen. By Mrs. ISABELLA BEETON.
2. **ALL ABOUT EVERYTHING**: a Dictionary of Practical Recipes and Every-day Information in Cleaning and Keeping a Home. An entirely new Domestic Cyclopaedia, arranged in Alphabetical Order, and usefully illustrated.
3. **ALL ABOUT GARDENING**: a Dictionary of Practical Horticulture for all Seasons and Localities.
4. **ALL ABOUT COUNTRY LIFE**: a Dictionary of Rural Avocations and of Knowledge necessary to the Management of the Farm, the Stable, the Homestead, the Stockyard, and a Gentleman's Out-of-Town Residence and Property.

## BEETON'S PENNY BOOKS.

All these Books are most carefully written, and contain complete information upon every subject within their province.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Life of the Prince of Wales, in which are given all the events that have distinguished the Career of His Royal Highness from his Birth to the Present Day. | 12. Beeton's Penny Domestic Service Guide. No. 1. For Lady's Maid, Upper and Under Nurse.                       |
| 2. Beeton's Penny Cookery Book. 220th.  | 13. Beeton's Penny Domestic Recipe Book.  |
| 3. Beeton's Penny Song Book (Popular Collection).   | 14. Beeton's Penny Stamps and Taxes.  |
| 4. Beeton's Penny Song Book (National Collection).  | 15. Beeton's Penny Nine Hours Wages Book.   |
| 5. Beeton's Penny County Court Book.  | 16. Beeton's Penny Letter Writer.   |
| 6. Beeton's Penny Gardening Book.   | 17. Beeton's Penny Domestic Service Guide. No. 2. For General Servant, Laundry and Dairy Maid.                  |
| 7. Beeton's Penny Doctor's Book.  | 18. Beeton's Penny Domestic Service Guide. No. 3. For Cook and Housemaid.                                       |
| 8. Beeton's Penny Ready Reckoner.   | 19. Beeton's Penny Domestic Service Guide. No. 4. For Butler, Housekeeper, Footman, Valet, Coachman, and Groom. |
| 9. Beeton's Penny Watts' Songs for Children.  |   |
| 10. Beeton's Penny Landlord, Tenant, and Lodger.  |   |
| 11. Beeton's Penny Poultry Book.  |   |

## The Christian Life Series.

Price 3s. 6d. each. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound; red edge.

1. **THE CHRISTIAN YEAR**. Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holydays throughout the Year. With Eight full-page Illustrations, red burnished edges, bevelled boards.
2. **LIFE THOUGHTS**. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Red border lines. Bevelled boards.
3. **THE CHRISTIAN LIFE**. Bible Helps and Counsels for every Day throughout the Year. Red border lines.

## Beeton's Complete Letter Writers.

BEETON'S COMPLETE LETTER WRITER for Ladies and Gentlemen, 1s.

BEETON'S COMPLETE LETTER WRITER (Lady's) 6d.

BEETON'S COMPLETE LETTER WRITER (Gentleman's) 6d.

## Beeton's Books for All Time.

No. 1.—**MACAULAY**: REVIEWS and ESSAYS, from the "Edinburgh." Crown 8vo, 292 pp., Coloured wrapper, 1s., postage 3d. Cloth, cut flush, 1s. 6d. Cloth boards, gilt, 2s.

London: WARD, LOCK AND TYLER, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE MOST NOVEL AND VALUABLE

ADDITION EVER MADE TO LADIES ATTIRE IS THE

PATENT PORO-PLASTIC CORSET

A SUCCESSFUL APPLICATION OF AN ABSOLUTELY NEW MATERIAL COMBINING



LIBERTÉ  
ÉGALITÉ  
FRATERNITÉ

PATENTED IN G<sup>T</sup> BRITAIN FRANCE

GERMANY, BELGIUM, UNITED STATES

GREATEST POSSIBLE COMFORT

SEAMLESS, BONELESS, STITCHLESS,

ELASTIC, POROUS, PLASTIC

WITH

PERFECT SYMMETRY OF FIGURE

MADE IN ALL SIZES FOR VARIOUS FIGURES,

FULLY DEVELOPED - MEDIUM - SLENDER.

& FOR CHILDREN, GIRLS, & YOUNG LADIES, FOR WHOM IT IS  
SPECIALLY ADAPTED.

WATERLOW & SONS, LITH. LONDON

MANUFACTURED BY THE WEST OF ENGLAND FELT CO LIMITED PENZANCE

# OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

## ON THE MATERIAL.

It is light, porous, flexible and plastic.

—*Medical Press*, Sept. 23, 1871.

It is truly described as light, porous, flexible and plastic.—*British Medical Journal*, Sept. 23, 1871.

Has succeeded admirably.—*Lancet*.

It is seldom we are able to endorse a patentee's account of his own invention; in this particular instance we can do so without reservation.—*Medical*

*Times*, October 7, 1871.

I have no doubt the material will come into extensive use when its valuable qualities shall have become more generally known.—*A. E. Durham, Esq., Guy's Hospital*.

"We have lately seen a Corset which, whether we regard the material of which it is composed, its shape, or its durability, is a marvel of elegance, and the perfection of a Corset. Seamless, yet unwoven, light, porous, permitting all the functions of healthy action, typical elegance of form, yet clasping the figure and affording firm support, and made from a light and porous non-conducting material, which possesses the advantage of being warm in winter and cool in summer."—*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, March, 1873.

Ask your Draper for the Patent Poro-Plastic Corset, and see that you have the right shape.

Should any difficulty arise in procuring it in any locality, please communicate with the Manager of the West of England Felt Company, Penzance.

## ON THE CORSET.

Poro-plastics are made of felt, and are, moreover, stitchless, boneless, and yet unwoven, and most certainly they are novelties in the corset world, and very highly is the invention spoken of by the leading medical journals.

The material is strong, has the great advantage of being porous all over, and being an excellent non-conductor of heat, the wearer is less exposed to the serious consequences of changes of temperature than when wearing a cotton or linen fabric.

When moulded into stays, a pair weighs considerably less than when ordinary materials with bone are used.—*Queen & Court Journal*, March, 1873.

## DECLARATION OF BONUS

BY THE

# SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

(MUTUAL)

## LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THE Periodical Investigation of the Society's Affairs for the purpose of ascertaining the Profit to be Divided among the Members as at 31st December last has now been completed, and the Surplus of the Seven preceding years has been declared and distributed.

The New Assurances were over . . . £7,000,000.  
(£1,480,765 of which was effected during last year.)

The Annual Premiums on these were . . . £229,307.

The Increase of Funds was . . . £1,254,859.

The grand result of the Seven Years is that, although Claims by Death amounted to £2,770,154, and ample Reserves have been made against every contingency of the future,

## THE CASH SURPLUS EXCEEDS A Million and a Quarter.

Deducting from this the balance remaining of previous Guarantee Fund (about £189,000), the actual Profit of the period is the largest ever earned by the Society, and has enabled the Court of Directors (*besides paying intermediate Bonuses on Policies becoming Claims during the Seven Years*) to declare

## A BONUS ADDITION

AT THE RATE OF

**£1:13s. per Cent per Annum.**

### IN COMPARING THIS ADDITION

with those of other Offices, it must be kept in mind that the Policy-holders of the Society receive Bonuses upon previously Vested Additions as well as on Original Sums Assured. Generally it is merely on the latter that such Bonuses are given. If the Society's Bonuses were calculated in that way, the one now declared would range from the minimum rate, £1:13s., which the latest Policies receive, to £4 per cent per annum, the rate now given on Policies of the oldest Members.

**Besides this Bonus Addition,**

Each Member has placed to the credit of his Policy his share of a  
**Guarantee Fund of £268,000.**

# THE POSITION OF THE *Scottish Widows' Fund Society*

IS NOW AS FOLLOWS:—

Sums Assured and Bonuses exceed .	£19,000,000.
Accumulated Fund . . . . .	5,816,000.
Annual Revenue . . . . .	733,355.

## PROSPECTIVE ADVANTAGES.

IN fixing the amount to be distributed among the Members (as on preceding page) and the Reserve to be maintained, the Directors have, in accordance with the Laws, **carefully guarded the future interests** both of existing Members and of those who may join the Society from this time. Nothing has been distributed but the Actual Surplus on the "Risks" which have been already run. This is a point of vital moment, and should be carefully inquired into by all who wish to select an Office that will yield them the highest benefits. There are not wanting examples of Assurance Offices that have disregarded the true principles on which Valuations should be made and Surplus determined, and, by anticipating future profit, have, in the long run, produced very disappointing results. It is the steadfast aim of this Society to keep entire the proper Reserve. This alone can secure to future Entrants in any Office **the full profit of their own time**, while, in this great Society, they have, in addition, the strong basis and inestimable advantages of a **vast existing business**.

## THE INVESTIGATION REPORT

(which may be obtained on application)

contains all the information required for the closest scrutiny of the Society's position and prospects, with exact details of the method by which the Surplus has been determined, and by which provision has been made for

**SECURITY AND PROFIT IN TIME TO COME.**

### BRANCH OFFICES:

London, 28 CORNHILL.—*West End Agency, 49 Pall Mall.*

Dublin, 9 LOWER SACKVILLE STREET.

Glasgow, 114 WEST GEORGE STREET.

Manchester, ALBERT SQUARE.

Liverpool, 48 CASTLE STREET.

Birmingham, 29 BENNETT'S HILL.

Leeds, 21 PARK ROW.

Bristol, 22 COLLEGE GREEN.

Belfast, 2 HIGH STREET.

Newcastle, GRAINGER STREET, W.

Dundee, 9 PANMURE STREET.

Norwich, 48 ST. GILES' CHURCH PLAIN.

*Agencies in all the important towns of the three Kingdoms.*

HEAD OFFICE,  
9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH,  
June 1874.

SAMUEL RALEIGH, *Manager.*  
J. J. P. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET

All who wish to preserve health, and thus prolong life, should read Dr. Rooke's "ANTI-LANCET," or Handy Guide to Domestic Medicine, which can be had *Gratis* from any Chemist, or post free from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough. Concerning this book, which contains 168 pages, the late eminent author, Sheridan Knowles, observed: "It will be an incalculable boon to every person who can read and think."

## CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR

IS SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED  
BY SEVERAL EMINENT PHYSICIANS, AND BY

DR. ROOKE, Scarborough.

Author of the "Anti-Lancet." It has been used with the most signal success for Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Coughs, Influenza, Consumptive Night Sweats, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, and all affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all respectable Chemists, and wholesale by JAS. M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough.

\*\* Invalids should read Crosby's Price Treatise on "Diseases of the Lungs and Air Vessels," a copy of which can be had *Gratis* of all Chemists.

## KEATING'S PERSIAN INSECT DESTROYING POWDER,

*As supplied to H.M.'s Government Clothing Depot.*

THIS Powder is quite harmless to animal life, but is unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, BEETLES, MOTHS in furs, and every other species of Insect. May be obtained from all Chemists, in Packets, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, or free by post, 14 and 33 Stamps, from THOMAS KEATING, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.



## KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for *INTESTINAL* or *THREAD WORMS*. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for children. Sold by all Druggists, in Tins, 1s. 1½d., or by post, 15 Stamps, from THOS. KEATING, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

## ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

## PULVERMACHER'S IMPROVED PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN BANDS, BELTS, & BATTERIES

A self-applicable curative, perfectly harmless, and vastly superior to other remedies.

Though externally applied it has an internal action, physiologically, physically, and chemically upon the system, assisting nature to re-establish the normal balance of health and vigour, as witness the remarkable cures daily effected in cases of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT, DEAFNESS, HEAD AND TOOTH ACHE, PARALYSIS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, and Functional Derangements, &c., by means of PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC APPLIANCES, when all other remedies have failed.

A few of the daily increasing number of testimonials communicated by grateful patients are reproduced in the pamphlet "Galvanism, Nature's Chief Restorer of Impaired Vital Energy," post free on application to

J. L. Pulvermacher's Galvanic Establishment, 194, Regent Street, London, W.

## THE CHEQUE BANK, LIMITED,

OFFICES: PALL MALL EAST, AND 124, CANNON STREET, E.C.

The GUARANTEE FUND of £100,000 CONSOLS has been invested in the names of the following TRUSTEES.

ROBERT DALGLISH, Esq., M.P. | CUTHBERT E. ELLISON, Esq., J.P. | SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq., M.P. | W. H. SMITH, Esq., M.P.  
The cheques of the Cheque Bank supply a new, safe, and universally applicable method of paying and transmitting small amounts of £10 and under.

Each cheque will bear stamped on its face the maximum amount for which it can be filled up, but the maximum amount must be previously deposited, and thus no account can be overdrawn. All cheques are crossed and payable only to order.

The cheques are supplied in books of ten each, costing 1s., being 10d. Government duty, and 2d. Bank commission. APPLICATIONS FOR CHEQUE BOOKS to be made at the offices above, or at any of the following Bankers, where the funds of the Cheque Bank will be deposited:—

THE BANK OF ENGLAND; and WESTERN  
BRANCH.  
GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, & Co.  
ALEXANDERS, CUNLIFFES, & Co.  
ALLIANCE BANK, LIMITED.  
CITY BANK.  
CONSOLIDATED BANK, LIMITED.

DIMSDALE, FOWLER, BARNARD, & Co.  
HERRIES, FARQUHAR, & Co.  
JAY COOKE, McCULLOCH, & Co.  
NATIONAL BANK.  
NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF  
ENGLAND.  
RANSOM, BOUVIERIE, & Co.

R. TWINING & Co.  
WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co.

MANCHESTER AND COUNTY BANK.  
MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK.  
UNION BANK OF SCOTLAND.  
NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

Additions to this list will be published from time to time.

GRAND GOLD



MOSCOW.

*Two Gold Medals*

THREE ROYAL WARRANTS.

ACADÉMIE NATIONALE



PARIS.

NEVER BE WITHOUT

# KEEN'S MUSTARD



The Manufacturers publicly guarantee that all Canisters covered with their well-known Red and Yellow Labels contain nothing but the pure Flour of Mustard, of a quality calculated to maintain the reputation acquired by their firm during the past 130 years.

## Robinson's Patent Groats and Barley

These Preparations have been before the Public for more than Half-a-Century, and on account of their purity and nutriment are much esteemed as diets for the infant, the invalid, and the aged.

## KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO CORN FLOUR

The Original Article.

KEEN, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, & Co.

*Purveyors to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.*

The above well-known Articles can be obtained of most Family Grocers and Italian Warehousemen throughout the Kingdom.